CENTS
ICD

JULY 26, 1966

...s the GOP
...ost its Head?

NATIONAL REVIEW

SOUTH AFRICA:

...Unhysterical Report

...HARLES BURTON MARSHALL

–The hero rapes his sister, but as he had raped his mother many years before, he is by no means sure that the sister is not really his daughter. I suppose that makes her a kind of half sister. In a program note, Mr. Osborne said that the play has special relevance to our present day. He must lead an exciting life...

COLM BROGAN

LETTER FROM LONDON

R17776 12-67
E ROY SMITH
P O DRAWER N

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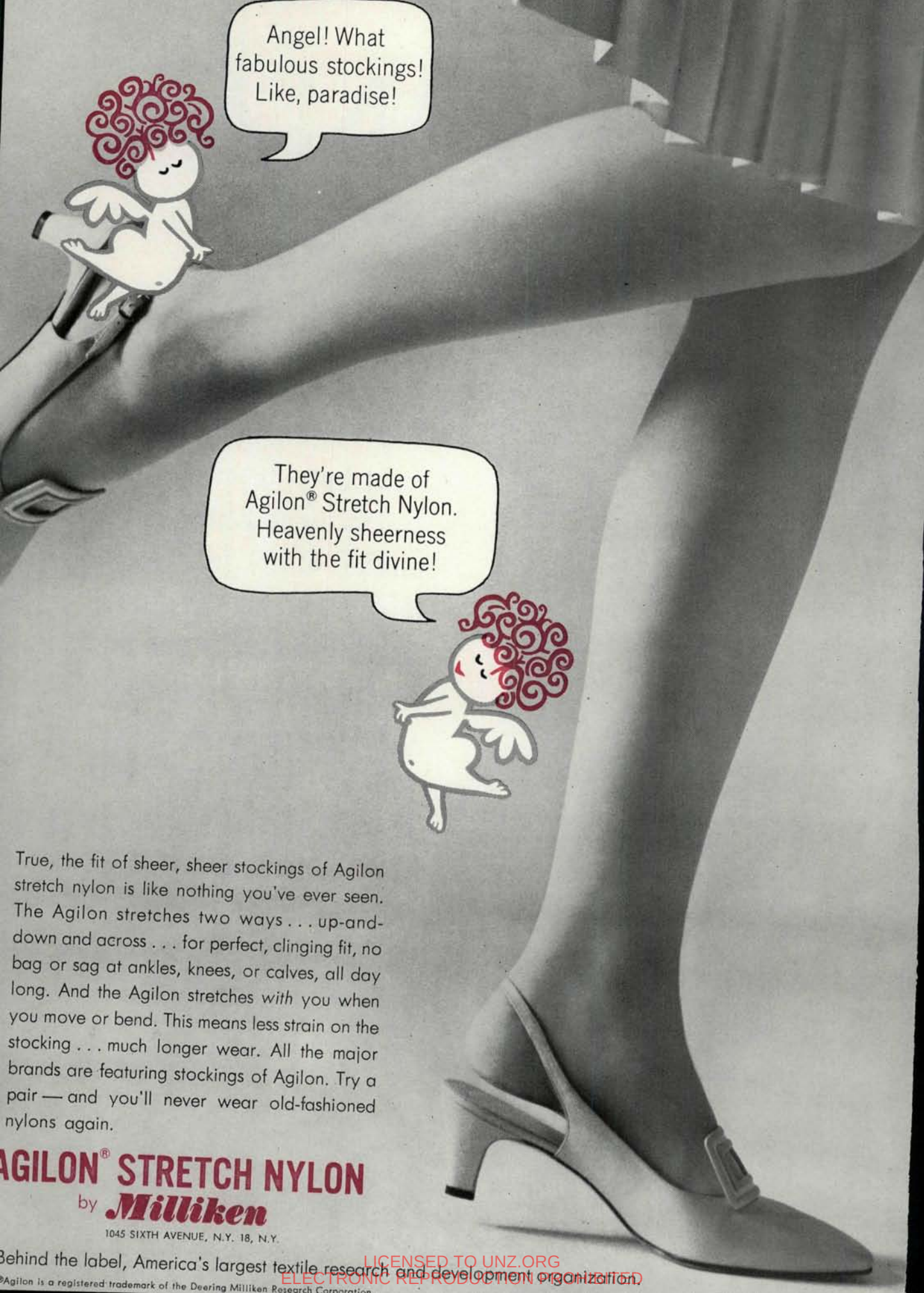
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IATIONAL REVIEW

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **Charles Burton Marshall** writes about South Africa. His article is a slightly revised version of testimony he gave to a congressional committe probing American relations with S. A. Mr. Marshall, a distinguished student of foreign policy, author of *Exercise of Sovereignty* and *The Limits of Foreign Policy,* and sometime member of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, spoke to the congressmen as if extemporaneously — easily, authoritatively, reflectively. Indeed, in a style that consciously or unconsciously reflects the burden of his recommendation: that as regards South Africa, the United States, to use his words exactly, simmer down. . . . **Colm Brogan,** manifestly recovered from his perilous and protracted illness of a year ago, writes about swinging London. In a covering note, Mr. Brogan deplores the permissiveness of Catholic clergymen. ("I told a Farm Street Jesuit that our clerical leaders would rather be taken in adultery than be caught *flagrante delicto* in any attitude that the Manchester *Guardian* might call reactionary.")

➔ **William Buckley** notes that The Value Line, an old-time investor service, is passing along to its consumers the foreign policy advice of that old capitalist, Professor Owen Lattimore. Mr. Buckley's new book, *The Unmaking of a Mayor,* will be published in October. . . . **James Burnham** wonders about the reporters, professors, etc., and their readers, who appear to be infinitely unconcerned at the silliness of the things they say and write about political and military affairs. . . . **Nika Hazelton** completes her two-part essay on the care and feeding of house guests, with advice incomparable, and incomparably stated. . . . **Russell Kirk,** a longtime fan of the old, elegant hotels, writes about the unappreciated library at the St. Regis. A good place, one supposes, to write ghost stories or Graustarkian novels, speaking of which Professor **Jeffrey Hart,** who returns soon to Dartmouth from a year's sabbatical in Europe, highly recommends Mr. Kirk's new romantic novel, *Creature of the Twilight: His Memorials.*

➔ **William Rusher** has read *The Party That Lost Its Head,* by the former editors of *Advance* Magazine, Messrs. Bruce Chapman and George Gilder. The book is a criticism of the Goldwater wing of the Republican Party, and Mr. Rusher's review is a criticism of the critics of said wing . . . **William Henry Chamberlin,** distinguished journalist and author, writes appropriately from Boston of a new book about Sacco and Vanzetti and the Intellectuals, which gently upbraids the latter for hysteria, the former for murder. . . . **Jared Lobdell** greatly enjoyed John Dos Passos' new book *The Shackles of Power: Three Jeffersonian Decades,* but doesn't much like the title. . . . And **J. J. Boies,** Professor of English at Wagner College and radio critic for station WOR (New York), hugely enjoyed the Broadway play, *Cactus Flower,* staring Lauren Bacall. ➔

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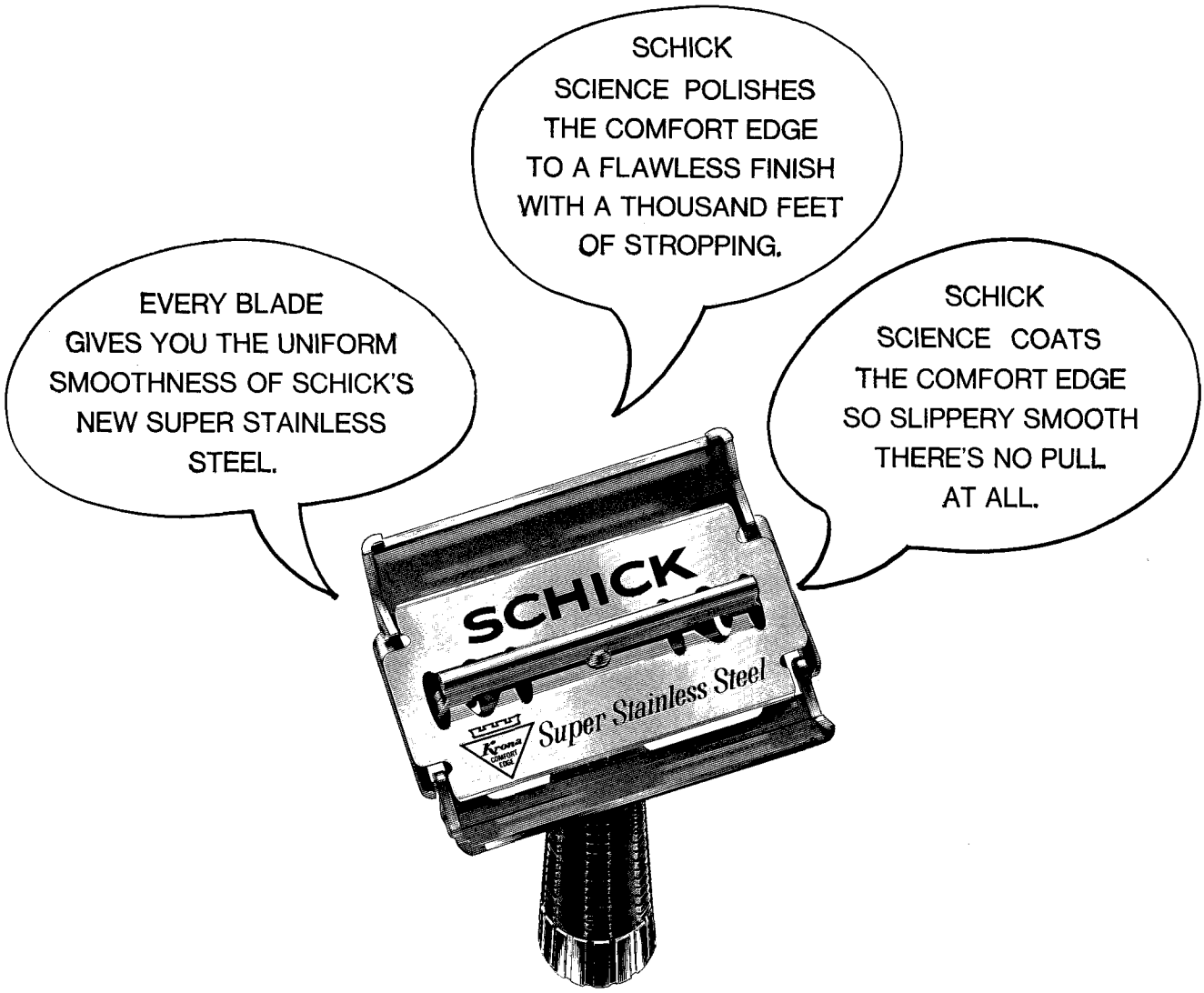

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Plain talk about book clubs in general and ours in particular, the Conservative Book Club, especially for those of you who have so far resisted joining.

Why a Book Club?

For the owners, to make money (and in some cases, such as ours, to spread the reading of books we strongly believe in).

For the members, to save money and to do a lot more reading on subjects that interest them.

But can't you accomplish these objectives without joining a book club?

That depends. You certainly can buy the same books elsewhere. *But do you?* Each time you say to yourself, "I'm going to read that one", do you follow through? If you do, we salute you. In fact, we'd like your autograph.

But if you are a mere human, you get around to reading only a few of the books you intend to.

As for prices, you can't beat book club bargains anywhere. Publishers and bookstores would go broke in a week if they tried to sell at club prices. It may seem strange that a club can sell for even less than the publisher, but there's a good reason.

The market for any book (its "universe", as the statisticians might say) is scattered and hard to find. So the publisher must go to considerable expense either *a)* to reach these people by mail or *b)* to get the book out to his distributors, the booksellers, who must also make a profit. The result: higher prices and (usually) low sales.

Enter the book club—say, ours. The Conservative Book Club was born out of the conviction that:

1. Intelligent conservatives abound in these United States.
2. They have a lively interest in good books.
3. They would welcome the chance to get them at *very deep discounts.*

And so it has proved to be. CBC has managed to attract, in just over one year, upwards of 30,000 book-loving conservatives. This represents an enormous concentration of buying power—which benefits its members in the form of discounts that range as high as 75%.

There's another factor. A dozen manufacturers may make a certain type of product; a dealer may stock perhaps four or five of them. But most publishers and bookstores stock *thousands* of books. The variety is infinite — for which, thank heaven. But the industry and the reader pay the price; they must largely do without the savings of mass production.

Book clubs, however, *can* offer these savings. Ours, for example, carries only some 25 selected books a year—not the whole 25,000 that are published annually. And our printing orders on these books may be seven or eight times larger than any publisher would dare risk on his own.

Objections to Book Clubs

Despite the big savings, some readers resist book clubs, for several reasons. How valid are these objections?

Objection: I don't like books forced on me.

Reply: They aren't, at least in CBC. You get a detailed description of each Selection in the monthly Club Bulletin. Under Plan A (described below), you need take only 3 books out of some 30 to be offered in the next 15 months. Breathes there an intelligent conservative who won't be reading at least 3 of these 30 books? We doubt it, but we provide for their freedom of action anyway. Under Plan B (described below), you need *never* accept a Selection, and you still enjoy all privileges of membership.

Objection: I don't want my books "preselected".

Reply: They always are, to some extent. Publishers decide which books to publish, which books to bring to your notice by advertising. Book review editors decide what books to review, and thus to call to your attention. CBC likewise selects. The question really is, do you like at least some of the books the Club offers? Below is a sampling of our Selections. If you can't find any you like, then the Club is simply not for you.

Objection: I don't want to be bothered refusing each Selection I don't want.

Reply: Well, in the course of deciding—and perhaps refusing (on a form we always provide)—you *learn* all about the new conservative books and what's in them. Isn't that worth a few minutes a month?

Objection: Maybe I won't get my refusal back in time.

Reply: You get from 18 to 25 days, depending on where you live.

Objection: I don't want to be under obligation.

Reply: You need not be. See obligation-free Plan B below.

Objection: I like to buy from my bookstore.

Reply: You should, for most books. A book club can offer you excellent bargains on *selected* books; a good bookstore will get *any* book for you, and is therefore justified in charging the regular retail price. Book clubs and bookstores complement each other. Both are necessary.

Do I help the conservative cause by joining CBC?

Definitely. In our first two years, the Club distributed over 350,000 conservative books. CBC sales of most titles far surpassed sales by the publisher.

This not only means more conservative books are being read. It means more income for conservative writers—more incentive for them to keep on with their vital work.

Perhaps most significant, CBC has made the Liberals along Publishers' Row sit up and take notice. Publishers now call us to see if the Club might be interested in conservative manuscripts they're considering. Several times now, a nod from the Club has prompted a publisher to offer the author a contract.

The Club features a special Omnibus Volume every few months—three or four books bound into one. This format enables us to give extra value . . . and to offer a dash of the unusual, the kind of book many a conservative might otherwise overlook.

Finally, the Club Bulletin gives members a *really comprehensive* review of each Selection, thus keeps them abreast of important conservative books even when they decide not to buy them.

How the Club Works

As a member, you get the monthly Club Bulletin free. It describes the current Selection and Alternates, and also features a news column for conservatives, "And RIGHTLY So". If you want the Selection, there's no need to do anything. It comes automatically (and always at Club discount). If you don't want it, merely send back the handy form always provided.

There are no fees. You need never pay in advance. You are billed only when you actually receive a book. And you have this choice of membership plans:

Plan A. You get a free book of your choice on joining, in return for which you agree to take 3 books over the next 15 months, from among some 30 the Club will offer. After buying 3 books, you are free to resign. (Happily, only about 15% of our members have, in fact, resigned—eloquent testimony that most are pleased with the Club.)

You may choose any one of the following books free if you join under Plan A. Since these are all past Selections or Alternates, they also give you a good idea of the quality of CBC Selections:

15. Suicide of the West *by James Burnham. Retail price* $5.95.

41. Omnibus Volume 4. Where's The Rest of Me?—The Ronald Reagan Story *by Ronald Reagan with R. G. Hubler. 17 photographs. Unabridged.* **The Equivocal Men** *by Holmes M. Alexander. Unabridged.* **Reading Without Dick and Jane** *by Arthur S. Trace, Jr. Unabridged.* **Welfare, Freedom and Inflation** *by Wilhelm Roepke. Unabridged. 4 selections in one. Retail value* $17.40.

23. Reminiscences *by Douglas MacArthur. Lavishly illustrated. Retail price* $6.95.

25. White Teacher in a Black School *by Robert Kendall. Retail price* $4.95.

55. Our Vietnam Nightmare *by Marguerite Higgins. Retail price* $5.95.

27. Omnibus Volume 2. *Includes 2 complete books, 1 generous excerpt, 1 lengthy essay—all bound into one handsome volume:* **The Greatest Plot in History** *by Ralph de Toledano,* **What You Should Know About Inflation** *(Newly Revised) by Henry Hazlitt,* **The Great Interlude** *(Excerpts) by Francis Russell,* **Political Causes of the American Revolution** *by Lord Acton. Retail value* $14.95.

57. The Penkovskiy Papers *by Oleg Penkovskiy. 31 photographs. Retail price* $5.95.

31. How the Far East Was Lost *by Anthony Kubek. Retail price* $10.00.

33. Omnibus Volume 3. *Includes 3 complete books bound into one handsome volume:* **The Moulding of Communists** *by Frank S. Meyer,* **The Grim Truth About Fluoridation** *by Robert M. Buck,* **Path of Dalliance** *by Auberon Waugh. Retail value* $11.90.

35. Congress and the American Tradition *by James Burnham. Retail price* $7.50.

36. JFK: The Man and the Myth *by Victor Lasky. Retail price* $7.95.

51. Roots of Capitalism *by John Chamberlain. Retail price* $5.95.

21. Omnibus Volume 1. How to Win an Election *by Stephen C. Shadegg.* **Unabridged. The Big Man,** *Henry J. Taylor's torrid novel.* **Unabridged. Screwtape Proposes a Toast,** *excerpt from C.S. Lewis' "The World's Last Night".* **The Convenient State,** *excerpt from "What is Conservatism" by Gary Wills. Retail Value* $18.40.

42. Witness *by Whittaker Chambers. Retail price* $6.95.

43. The Liberal Establishment *By M. Stanton Evans. Retail price* $5.95.

45. What Happened to Goldwater? *by Stephen C. Shadegg. Retail price* $5.95.

47. The Roosevelt Myth *by John T. Flynn. Retail price* $5.95.

After their first free selection, Conservative Book Club members get deep discounts on the books they decide to buy — reductions as high as 75%!

Plan B. You do not get a free book on joining, but you enjoy all membership privileges and are *never* obligated to buy a book provided you send in the refusal form. You get the Bulletin free and need not accept any monthly Selection until (we hope) one comes along that strikes your fancy.

So come on in—the books are fine. To try membership, just pick the Plan you prefer and send the coupon below (or write on your own stationery) to Conservative Book Club 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB
81 Centre Ave., New Rochelle, New York 10801

Please enroll me as a Trial Member of the CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB. I understand that membership entitles me to buy Club Selections at discounts of 20% to 75% plus shipping. As a member I am eligible to participate in all sales, and you will provide free gift card service if ever I ask you to mail a Club book to a friend; you charge only the Club discount price plus shipping. Each month you will send me free the Club Bulletin describing Selections and other recommended books, any of which I may reject on the handy form provided. If I accept a Selection I need do nothing; it will come automatically.

☐ **PLAN A.** *Send, free, the book whose number I have circled below:*

15 21 23 25 27 31 33 35 36 41 42 43 45 47 51 55 57

My sole obligation is to buy 3 books over the next 15 months, after which I am free to resign at any time.

NR-40

☐ **PLAN B.** *I wish to join CBC on open membership, under which I enjoy all privileges of membership without receiving a free book, and without the obligation to buy any CBC books at all. My sole obligation is to refuse books I do not want on form provided. I can resign any time.*

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LETTERS

Reagan's Win

The Clinton and Ryskind articles on the Reagan election victory [June 28] were enjoyable, but fell into a couple of errors (in the one case, omission).

Most importantly: the Reagan and Yorty vote counts can be attributed in good measure to that one factor that every politician thinks about, but few campaign about—money. That is, in the present situation, most people feel themselves on the brink of an economic crisis. Some have already found themselves toppling. Reagan and Yorty presented ideas, particularly on taxes and welfare spending, which skirted the concerns about this crisis, though neither plunged in very radically.

The other error would not be worth mentioning, except that a small piece of California political history may be distorted beyond recovery unless correction is made. Mr. Christopher's affair with the milk, according to actual newspaper records of the 1940s, was quite a bit different from all the half-charges and innuendoes shoved about during the primary campaign. Some magazine would do a minor service to historical accuracy if they would trace down the facts in the case(s)—and the distortions of same—perhaps a few years from now.

Georgetown, Calif. NEWTON BAIRD

I thought the June 28th issue cover of Ronald Reagan was outstanding. So why don't you give its creator his due?

MIKE MATTHEWS
Editorial Dept.
New York, N.Y. *New York Daily News*

Art Director Jimmy O'Bryan fecit.—ED.

Error-Strewn

I write in reference to the error-strewn comment of The Week, June 28, on California's peace candidates.

The California primary was on June 7. In my neighborhood three peace candidates did not win nomination, but election returns indicate they certainly did get somewhere, in terms of public influence, and there *is* fertile ground for their arguments. Edward Keating and Robert Scheer ("downright baloney" from *Ramparts*) polled 47 and 45 per cent, respectively, in their Democratic congressional races. The third Democratic peacemonger, Philip Drath, polled 46 per cent in his district.

Furthermore, these candidates are not all "political tyros." Keating has run for office before. Neither did they all campaign against "well-entrenched incumbents." Only Scheer attempted this. His performance, considering his radical social and civil welfare platform, is the more remarkable because incumb Jeffrey Cohelan is a clearly defir "dove" with a much more polite dom tic opinion.

San Francisco, Calif. DWIGHT WILLA

Contrary to "For the Record" [June 2 Fritz Hollings did not lose a gubernator race to Donald Russell in 1962 "large because of his support of Jack Kenne two years earlier" or for any other re son. In 1962 Hollings ran against the la Sen. Olin Johnston and was defeated l the Liberal senator. Russell was elect governor of South Carolina in the san year. Hollings had beaten Russell in previous gubernatorial election in 19

Norman, Okla. STEPHEN M. OWNB

Unsettled Borders

Eric von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's excelle article "Europe's Unsettled Borde [July 12] graphically pointed up t failure of FDR in 1945 (even as Wils in 1919) to insist that the principles "national self-determination" be honor

Silesia, Pomerania and East Prus under Poland's administration have cr ated an eastern Alsace-Lorraine eff tively blocking German-Polish ra prochement and tying revision to t USSR's determination to either gua antee Poland's retention or force restit tion. Similar to the cases of Bessarab Crisana, Macedonia, Eastern Karelia a South Tyrol, it illustrates the betrayal Atlantic Charter pledges of no territor transfers contrary to the wishes inhabitants.

Liberal Establishment spokesmen ur recognition of the Oder-Neisse line ar guarantees of Soviet retention of th Baltic States and Karelia as peace over tures and conservatives by contrast seer loath to question the Yalta *diktat*. Th findings of the "revisionist historians"- Beard, Barnes, Tansill, Sanborn, Nielsor Taylor and Hoggan—have not yet lifte the "historical blackout" concealin World War II's origins and the way i which victory was compromised produc ing the "unsettled borders" of the la two decades.

Brooklyn, N.Y. D. F. BARR

Dylan's Progress

So the radical left is stridently denunci atory because Bob Dylan no longe limits himself to this narrow band lunacy ["The Evolution of Bob Dylar by Antoni E. Gollan, June 28]. So what Are we to admire Dylan because he de cides to go "non-political," and thereb alienates those who demand absolute an undying adherence to their fantasy

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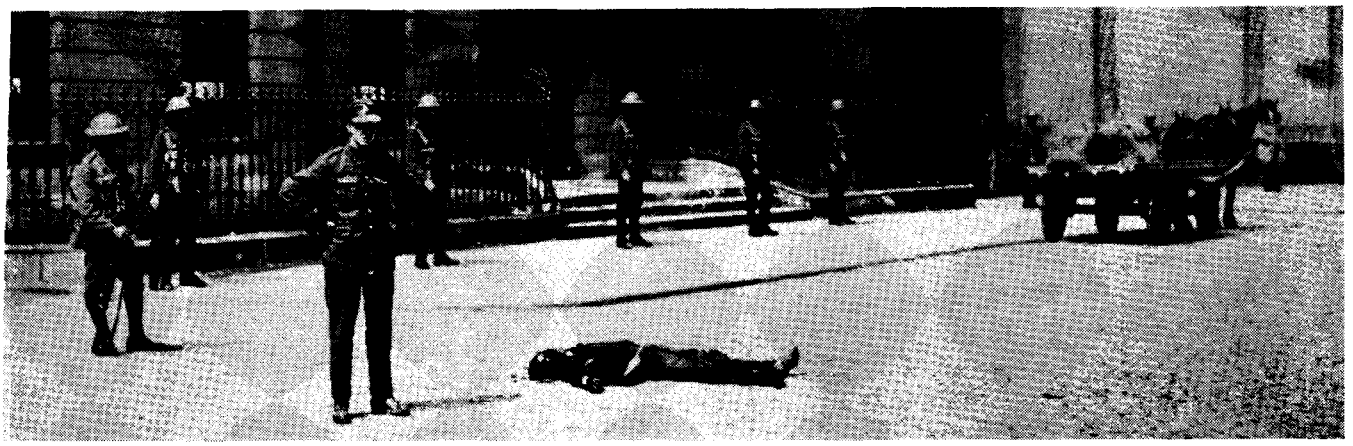
...in bloody protest for a glorious thing." Padraic Pearse — Executed, Dublin, 1916



On its 50th Anniversary, here is the sound and fury of The Irish Uprising

..captured as living history in a magnificent heirloom collector's volume and on two 12" long-playing records

Fired by poetry as well as by persecution, e Irish Uprising was a kind of divine mad- ss. It began with a poet as Commander eneral, the fighters ill-prepared, the people aware of what was going on. Yet it de- ed a national purpose and created a na- nal will that could not have been defined created in any other way.

To commemorate the Golden Anniver- ry of Ireland's most glorious moment, the BS Legacy Collection brings the Uprising rousing three-dimensional life . . . in ords, in candid photographs and in sound. an opulent volume which recounts and ictures those flaming days, and on two xtraordinary 12" long-playing records, you ill hear as well as read, feel as well as see, the terrible beauty" that was born.

These stirring events are described by actual participants — men like Eamon de Valera and Sean T. O'Kelly, and many more. The songs that gave heart to a "hopeless cause" are sung by Ireland's most celebrated stars: the Clancy Brothers, Tommy Makem, Kay Hart, Breandan O'Duill.

Hear some of the most incendiary verse ever written. Poems by William Butler Yeats and Padraic Pearse. Exhortations by Sean O'Casey. The oration at the grave of O'Donovan Rossa concluding, ". . . the fools, the fools, the fools—they have left us our Fenian dead, and while Ireland holds these graves, Ireland unfree shall never be at peace."

Those were prophetic words. The graves of the martyrs became the rallying point of the rebels. You'll see the ensuing action in startling photographs. Read on-the-spot reports in the Dublin press — for example, The Irish Independent's account of the random British slaughter of a dozen spectators at a football match in reprisal for the I.R.A.'s shooting of British secret agents.

FREE 10-DAY EXAMINATION

Mail the coupon below and give your family and yourself the excitement of hearing, seeing, reading *The Irish Uprising/1916-1922 — free* for 10 days. If you decide to keep it, you pay the low price of $10.95 (plus postage and handling) in two monthly payments. Otherwise, simply return it and the matter's closed. At the least, you'll have 10 days reliving Ireland's most glorious years.

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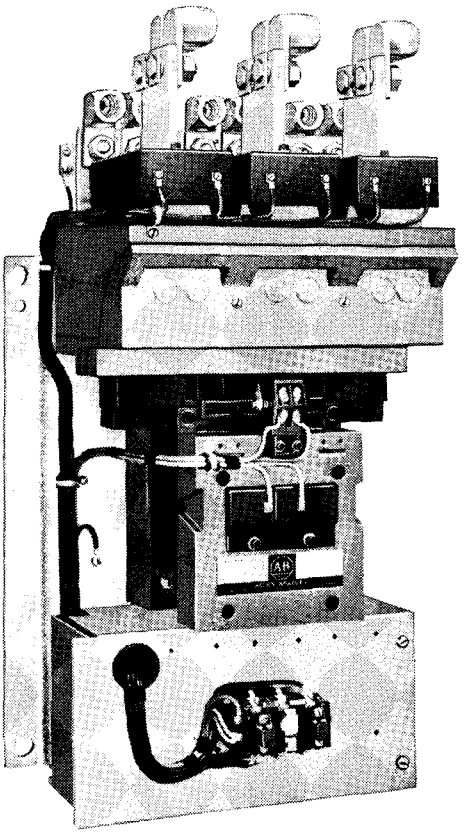
As motor horsepower ratings grow larger



quality in motor control becomes more important

A-B

BULLETIN 709 Size 6 starter rated 200 hp, 240 v; 400 hp, 480-600 v.

Possibly, when dealing with industrial motor application in the lower horsepower ratings, especially when the anticipated service is not too demanding, one can take a "chance" with the required motor control—and a "cut in price" may be very tempting.

But, where the control is for use with large motors, the thinking cannot afford to follow the same line. In the first place, it is reasonable to assume that the large motors are only a relatively small portion of an expensive investment. Since such investment must pay its own dividends, certainly the overall efficiency of operation must receive consideration—continuous "trouble free" operation becomes tremendously important.

Here is where Allen-Bradley control fits into the picture. Over the years, it has earned its reputation for being "quality control." The famous A-B solenoid design—having only one moving part—was not an accidental discovery. It resulted in a starter so rugged and of such simple design that nothing could go wrong. Instead of only millions of operations, we can speak confidently about many extra millions of trouble free operations.

Our pressure molded coils surprised us with their failure free service. Today we give our customers the benefit of this experience. We will replace—free—any Series K coil that fails in service when used at its nameplate rating. And there is so much more to this story of A-B quality, but we'll stop here with only one more suggestion.

When you are up against a really tough job, buy Allen-Bradley control. The price you pay is "peanuts" when compared with the "quality" in control that you receive for your money. Allen-Bradley Co., 1210 S. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Limited. Export Office: 630 Third Ave., New York, N.Y., U.S.A. 10017. 466-9FG

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Must conservatives jump with joy wh ever some leftist nut wavers minut in his course?

Granted Dylan possesses a Kerou like poetical talent. That's all! Dc even jokingly or theoretically allude his possibly being a poet! W. B. Ye: and yea, even lesser stars in the firn ment, will turn over in their graves.

HERMAN STOWELL KI

Newport News, Va.

In Spats

Regarding Dr. Kirk's "Roman Holid For Students" [May 17]: As a stude who has accepted the responsibility his life and his actions, I feel bound protest Dr. Kirk's little-old-man-i spats attack on college morality. We mu examine Dr. Kirk's carefully *implie* thesis that administrators should teac students responsibility by taking respor sibility from the students. You do not this, however, by commanding moralit That is a contradiction in terms. T moral is the chosen ethic. The chos value. If an individual values the irr tional, he will attain the irrational a suffer its consequences.

Washington, D.C. A. V. Z.

Imperial America Marches On

The matters treated in Thomas Molna article, "Imperial America" [May 3] a

(Continued on p. 743)

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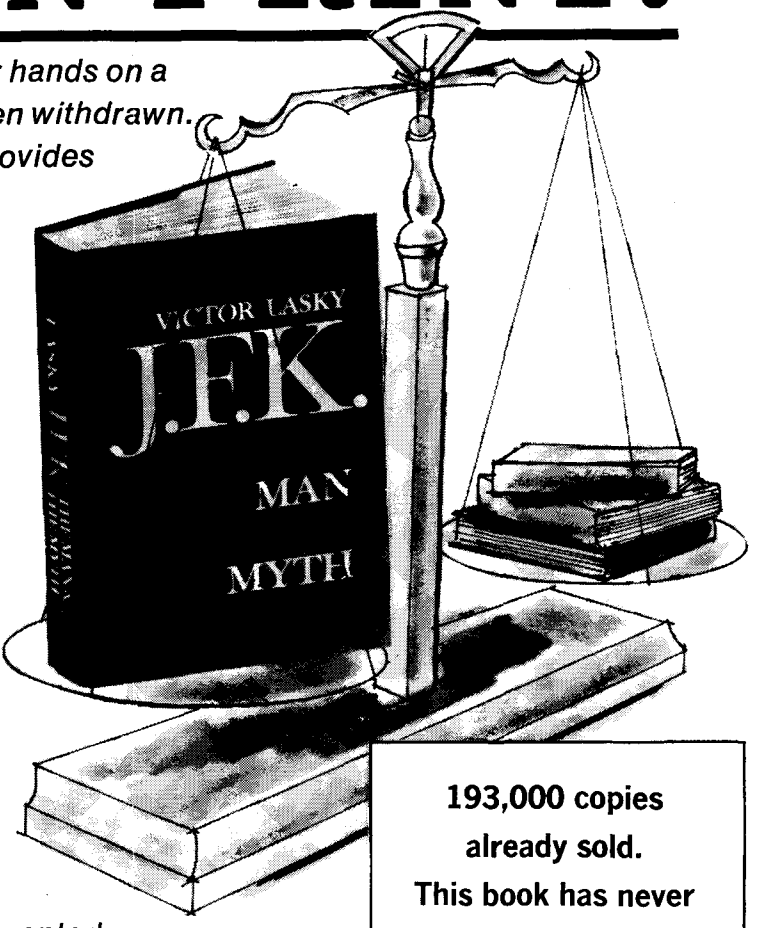

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The WEEK

● First Things First. The Department of the Army has announced that it will take no action on applications for government grave markers for deceased veterans if the correspondence from the veteran's family making application for the marker does not bear the proper zip code.

● You can discount that rumor about F. Clifton White having gone to work for Romney's 1968 nomination drive. The master-architect of the Goldwater campaign (from 1961 through the triumph at the Cow Palace in July 1964) is staying loose for the present. Virtually every man whose name has been seriously mentioned as a 1968 possibility has been in touch with White, because they all respect his demonstrated skill and would be delighted to have him in their corner. But White, who privately regrets he did not have a clearer understanding with Goldwater, is in no mood to come down with a case of puppy love. Incidentally, he hasn't suddenly turned Liberal, either.

● Mr. Floyd McKissick, who is more equal than anyone else in his Congress of Racial Equality, is going to Cambodia in the company of four other Americans who typify the coalition of the radical pacifist movement and the radical (i.e. violent) civil-rights faction. The five will search every hotel and restaurant in Pnompenh for evidence that the Vietcong are using the "Sihanouk Trail" in northeast Cambodia to support their operations in South Vietnam. Leadpipe cinch prediction: the five will find Cambodia innocent and the Vietcong non-existent, the Trail a figment, and U.S. operations in Cambodia (going on now, in undeclared style) an Act of Aggression. Like the riots in Chicago.

● One reason U.S. air strikes against Hanoi and Haiphong didn't come off earlier as the Joint Chiefs advised, say informed sources, is that Assistant Secretary of State William Bundy was strongly advised against them back in June by Chester Ronning, a 71-year-old retired Canadian diplomat who, after making two secret trips to Hanoi, somehow became Canada's special peace emissary. Ronning is said to have high contacts in Peking and Hanoi, but an air of mystery surrounds his trips since nobody knows whom he talked to or what was said. The Canadian government wouldn't let on in public, but the U.S. found out, and disapproved. Under Secretary of State George Ball declared, in a statement that has caused much controversy, that Ronning brought back not ing encouraging. Ronning is a life-long Socialist a was Canadian *chargé d'affaires* in China when t Communists took over. He recommended even th that Canada recognize the Communists. He is co vinced that China has no intention of spreading influence by arms. He believes that the Vietnam w must be stopped immediately. From 1951 to 19 Ronning was "head" of Eastern affairs in the Depa ment of External Affairs in Ottawa, at the same tin that Herbert Norman was "chief" in that departmer which means that the two were running the F Eastern foreign policy of Canada. Norman committe suicide when the U.S. Senate Internal Security Su committee uncovered evidence of his extensive Con munist background. Shortly thereafter, Lester Pea son lost his first race for the prime ministership part because he tried to cover up for Norman, a failed.

● In the bypass atmosphere of a House of Lor there is not infrequently heard more straightforwa talk than is possible in the hotly competitive are of a House of Commons. The Earl of Avon, for example, spoke on July 6 to his fellow peers w more clarity than one can readily remember in a utterance of Anthony Eden to his fellow membe "It is unlikely that General de Gaulle's visit to Rus has brought about any startling changes in Fran Soviet relations . . . It does not lie in France's pow nor in Britain's power, to deliver the goods in t Atlantic Alliance. The Americans have that pow and the Russians are great respecters of power. . Break NATO up and see how far Russia will thi it necessary to negotiate with any one of us, exce the United States. . . . A Europe without Americ power is a Europe at Russia's mercy."

● Eighteen-thousand British doctors have decide *not* to resign from the National Health Servic (thanks to a recent raise in their salaries), and th British Medical Association has decided to suppo the anti-Socialist Independent Medical Services Lt The IMS was recently founded in order to assi doctors interested in pulling out of the national healt service and going into private practice.

● The pound sterling looks more and more lik Hilaire Belloc's water beetle, which flabbergasts th human race

> By gliding on the water's face
> With ease, celerity, and grace.
> But if he ever stopped to think
> Of how he does it, he would sink.

With the completely fruitless conference of the "Ten having broken up in disorder, the pound and the do

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r can no longer count on collective security. Only ıe man now stands between the Anglo-Saxon cur-ıncies and chaos, and that is the Old Operator him-ılf, Charles de Gaulle, whose recent loan of $1 bil-ɔn kept London off the ropes. He lends in London ıe gold he buys in New York. There could be no etter illustration of the transfer of power that occurs ʼhen a currency is overissued.

› World Youth Crusade for Freedom, a new anti-ommunist organization financed by contributions, as sent ten young Americans to Asia this summer. hey will study conditions there, work with anti-ʻommunist youth groups, and give talks explaining ʃ.S. policies in India, Taiwan, South Vietnam, Hong ʿong, the Philippines, and Japan. When they return, ıey will speak in many parts of the country, and ɔordinate their future activities. WYCF plans to xpand next year, sending Asians to Asian countries ther than their own. Eventually, the organization opes to sponsor activities in Africa and Latin Amer-ːa. The current group, selected in a national com-etition, was trained at Yale University recently nder the guidance of Professor David N. Rowe, a hina specialist and occasional contributor to NA-ːONAL REVIEW.

› Congressman Peter W. Rodino of New Jersey as introduced a bill (HR 10400) which ought sure-ʳ to be passed. It is an amendment of existing im-ıigration laws which work an inadvertent hardship n a select group of people whom the United States ıost desires, or should, to befriend. They are the nti-Communist refugees who work for anti-Commu-ist organizations abroad financed by the U.S. Gov-rnment or by private contributions. Under existing ɜws, the clock cannot start ticking the long hours ʻfive years) before they qualify for U.S. naturaliza-ion unless they are physically present in the United States. But how can they do that and, at the same ːime, serve U.S. interests abroad? The result has ɔeen that foreigners whom we would like to have ʌorking for such organizations as Radio Free Europe ɜre torn between accepting the work we offer them, ɜnd coming to the United States in order to qualify ʻor citizenship. They should not be saddled with this ɨilemma, and wouldn't be if Congressman Rodino's ıumane and intelligent bill is passed into law. Letters ɔo Congressman Michael A. Feighan, chairman of the Joint Committee on Immigration and Nationality Policy, House Office Building, urging the passage of ːHR 10400 are needed.

● At a cemetery in Los Angeles, three employees ried to organize, and were let go. They appealed to he National Labor Relations Board, which ruled that he cemetery, since it spent 1 per cent of its annual income out of state, was "substantially" involved in interstate commerce and therefore subject to the jurisdiction of NLRB. The employees were ordered reinstated, with back pay, plus interest.

● SUMMA CUM LOUSY DEPT.: Academic achievement didn't count, officials said, in the recent awarding of 65 generous Eleanor Roosevelt scholarships to student civil rights leaders, because the students, few of whom have high grades, find it "difficult to study in Southern jails and Northern slums."

● Mrs. B___ J____'s hobby is to study the fine print of the federal budget, and she declares that this year's expenditures run strongly to exotic stinks. We are spending, she says, $29,361 on an odor-measuring machine for that perfumed paradise, Turkey. Some $42,000 will go towards a study of the smells of ocean fish. And, presumably on the basis of previous studies of the aroma of Arabia, we are investing $17,000 this year in a dry-cleaning plant for the Bedouins. Penny for your thoughts.

Blinkers

All the accredited newsmen whose countries are so enlightened as to maintain diplomatic relations with Peking don't seem able to make out what is going on in that apparently convulsed city any more than we poor blinkered members of the U.S. press. It is the year's greatest untold story. All anyone knows so far is that Mao has chosen to conduct one of the most drastic party purges in Red China's history at a time when, according to the doomsayers, the course of the Vietnam war should have obliged him to re-

---

Further Signs of Decline

The quarter isn't genuine.
Beneath the founder's noble chin
They still imprint In God We Trust,
But all around the rim, is rust.

Indeed, the dime is much the same.
Encircled by a flaking frame,
The famous face is really just
A piece of oxidizing rust.

If only Eleanor were here,
She'd terminate the man's career
Who minted metal doomed to rust
Around the Presidential bust.

W. H. VON DREELE

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spond to our unthinkable provocations and start World War III. It hasn't happened and won't; and you search in vain for the teeth in the pledge of the Warsaw Pact nations to send "volunteers" to help the Vietcong, if the Vietcong want them. The predictions were: 1) that bombing raids in North Vietnam would "stiffen Hanoi's resolve"—indeed, not so long ago columns of space in London and New York papers were being filled with assurances that Hanoi Can Take It; and 2) that as a result of his Vietnam policy Lyndon Johnson's percentages in the polls would sink lower and lower. Well, from all reports morale is terrible today in Hanoi and Johnson's rating jumped 12 per cent following the raids on the fuel depots. (For more on this subject see James Burnham, p. 720.)

Nevertheless, there are people in the world who are terrified they will be blown up, maybe any day now. That is the emotional logic, whatever may be the practical justification, of their acts. It is the emotional logic that propels Harold Wilson and Indira Gandhi on separate peace-making missions to Moscow (court of all resort); it is the logic that makes Mark Hatfield of Oregon cast the lone, Kefauver-like vote against supporting the war at the Governors Conference in Los Angeles; it is the logic that inspires John Steinbeck to extend fraternal slop in return for a slyly flattering propaganda message from Yevgeni Yevtushenko. And it is in consequence of this kind of logic, shared by so many, that such sober authorities as the Vatican weekly, *Osservatore della Domenica,* and Lawrence Cardinal Shehan of Baltimore, should have been persuaded now was the time to put Catholics on notice of their moral duty to observe the rules of the just war in Vietnam.

In the midst of all this panic and confusion we learn that a team of Russian athletes will boycott a track meet in Los Angeles because of Vietnam. It's nice to see someone thinking clearly for a change.

The Voice of the Times, Is Not, Laus Tibi Domine, The Voice of Asia

The following news story by Harrison E. Salisbury, datelined New Delhi, appeared in the *New York Times* of July 3 under the headline, "Asians Say Raids Hurt U.S. Image." Italics ours.

"President Johnson's decision to bomb oil depots on the outskirts of Hanoi and Haiphong has caused *shockwaves* in Asia that *appear to be* inflicting serious damage on American prestige. Comment of public figures, diplomats and newspapers [note: Salisbury implies he has done *thorough* research] *sugges* that the American image *in Asia* [note: consta references to "Asia," when he really means "India' —and support for a united policy and objectives—h *suffered a blow that some* [unidentified] *compared t that inflicted by the atomic bombing of Hiroshim* Only a swift and successful move to bring Vietnar to the conference table *was regarded* [by whom? as holding *any potential for a partial restoration* the United States position.

"Meanwhile, the question that troubled *the ord nary Asian* was whether this would bring on Worl War III."

Two Indians are thereupon quoted. Neither quo tation validates Salisbury's conclusion that America prestige suffered a serious blow. "In more spohist cated circles . . . the reaction was somewhat differen *yet equally sharp and emotional.* [There has bee nothing sharp and emotional in the story yet.] . . .

"There appeared to be *no one in Asia* who felt th bombing would lead to the peace talks that Presider Johnson was quoted as having said he hoped t achieve. On the contrary, *in diplomatic quarters* ther was concern lest the opposite results be produced . . The reaction of the Asian populace to the bombin *undercuts the basis of political collaboration betwee Asians and the United States.*

"The same considerations *apply* to the Burmes now inching their way toward greater friendship wit the West. Cambodia, *in somewhat the same situatio* will be compelled to hesitate and watch anew fo dangerous signs from the north. Even the position Hong Kong cannot be certain. [These are Salisbury' only non-Indian references.]"

Then the grand finale: "*One view* is that, *if* anyon gains from the widening of the Vietnam war, it *migh* be the Soviet Union. *If* China was pulled into th conflict and [*if*] the Soviet Union managed to kee *reasonably well out* and [*if* the Soviet Union] utilized the opening afforded in Asia and *possibly* elsewhere in the world by the *sharp revulsion against the United States policy,* the Kremlin *might* emerge as principal heir to *the global prestige* [whatever "the" globa prestige is.]"

From various news sources other than the *Times*:

"Save for Britain and France, the only European nations in the alliance, the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization was virtually solid in its support of the U.S. [air strikes]. 'Only those on the side of the aggressors are against this move,' said Thailand's Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman. . . . Added Philippine Foreign Affairs Secretary Narciso Ramos: 'About time!' " (*Time* Magazine.) "Leftist Singapore Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew . . . said bluntly that whatever their ideologies the 'little fishes' in Asia would be swallowed one by one if the United States allowed

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Pentagon and congressional proponents of a stronger war effort in Vietnam are pleased that the President finally authorized the bombing of military targets in Hanoi and Haiphong. But their relief is tempered by the realization that this action should have been taken months ago when it would have been more effective, and that much remains to be done. The delay has allowed North Vietnam to develop alternate means of oil storage and movement. Tankers can still come into Haiphong Harbor, unload their cargo into barges and oil drums (instead of the now-destroyed large storage tanks), then store the oil in underground tanks and among the civilians of villages until it is transported down the Ho Chi Minh Trail by truck and foot. The present destruction will not force a reduction of North Vietnam's troops in the South; at the most it is expected to limit that buildup to the present stage. That is why the military considers it imperative that Haiphong Harbor be mined or otherwise closed to traffic. An estimated 95 per cent of North Vietnam's oil supply comes through that harbor.

◆ Direct and indirect criticism of Defense Secretary McNamara continues unabated. *Army Magazine*, the journal of the U.S. Army, criticizes the Administration's political decision not to call up the reserves and in an obvious swipe at McNamara and his whiz kids asks "Can history be learned from a slide rule?" (Air Force Chief of Staff General John P. McConnell warned the Senate Armed Forces Preparedness Subcommittee on May 9 that the Tactical Air Command was "right down to bedrock" in its continental strength, and would have to rely on the Air National Guard if a second overseas crisis erupts.) And on June 28, hard-hitting Rep. Mel Laird (R., Wis.) read into the *Congressional Record* a 50-page speech on the mistakes and contradictions of Secretary McNamara. Laird is one of the Republican members of the House Defense Appropriations Subcommittee who, along with the GOP Coordinating Committee, have urged the creation of a top-level commission of military and civilian experts to examine the nation's long-range defense policies.

◆ It is obvious that President Johnson and the Democratic leadership in Congress will not touch one hot issue—the draft—until after the November elections. Two years ago, then again last March, a group of House Republicans called for a congressional investigation of draft procedures. Both times LBJ sidetracked them by announcing that the Department of Defense was studying the matter and would report soon. That report was finally released this past month, but most of the data supporting its conclusions remain classified, and the only significant change it recommends is that younger eligible men be drafted before older eligibles—reversing the present procedure. To stem criticism of the Defense report, the President then appointed a twenty-member citizens' panel to study the Selective Service System and recommend reforms by the conveniently post-election date of January 1. The composition of the panel, the circumstances surrounding its creation, and its broad mandate stir speculation that the panel is expected to endorse Secretary McNamara's proposal that draftees be given a choice of military or humanitarian duty. Meanwhile, Selective Service Director Lt. General Lewis B. Hershey has very quietly drawn up a plan for drafting women—just in case.

◆ What was whispered around Capitol Hill but not allowed in the testimony during the Dodd hearings has now been disclosed in the press. It's the story of how two office romances led to the pilfering of Senator Thomas Dodd's files and his subsequent investigation by the Senate Ethics Committee. One story concerned James P. Boyd, 37, Dodd's former administrative assistant, and Mrs. Marjorie Carpenter, a former secretary. Also involved were Michael O'Hare, 30, former office manager, and Terry Golden, 23, former secretary. Together the four removed and copied some 4,000 documents from Senator Dodd's office. In the initial Dodd hearings, Ethics Committee Chairman John C. Stennis (D., Miss.) cut off discussion about these relationships. Their later public disclosure should go far to put in perspective the pious claims of the former employees that they acted solely out of altruistic motives.

—CATO

South Vietnam to fall into Red China's hands. 'Do you believe,' he went on, 'that the Indians are stooges and lackeys of the Americans? Do you believe that Pakistan is a lackey of the Americans? Then there are the Burmese. They are the best neutralists in Asia. How is it that none of them have really said this is a crime against humanity committed by the Americans?" (Columnist William S. White.)

Also on the scorecard: Japan, whose Prime Minister Sato commented: "An increasing recognition should be made of the fact that the United States is making a major contribution to the security of the Far East, including my country." (*Washington Post*) . . . Nationalist China, our staunchest ally in Asia, worried that the bombings would not be "decisive" and urged the U.S. to invade North Vietnam (*Free China News*) . . . South Korea, fiercely anti-Communist with 45,000 men committed to the war . . . Indonesia and Malaysia, by no means pro-Western but strongly anti-Communist . . . Laos, now attacking the Communist Vietnamese with its own small air force.

Footnote: On July 7, the *Times* published a letter from a well known young member of the House of Commons, Mr. Philip Goodhart: "In his pessimistic column 'Johnson and the Larger Crisis,' James Reston refers to Prime Minister Harold Wilson's argument

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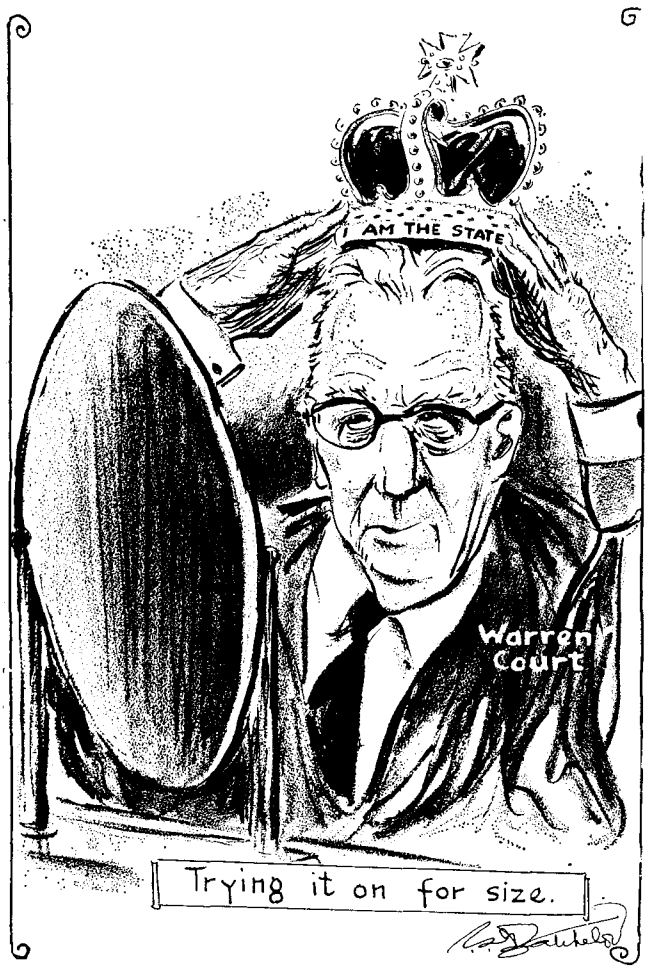
that Great Britain should stay in the Far East 'rather than leaving the Americans alone to use their judgment in a confrontation with China.' Mr. Reston argues that the deployment of this argument shows a particular lack of faith in President Johnson's Administration. In fact, variations of this argument have been deployed by successive British governments for the last twenty years. It is true that Wilson has issued a statement dissociating himself from the bombing of the oil storage tanks at Hanoi and Haiphong. The last notable occasion on which Mr. Wilson dissociated himself from vigorous American action came at the time of President Kennedy's confrontation with Fidel Castro in the autumn of 1962. This gratuitous criticism was soon forgotten because President Kennedy was successful.

"The best and, indeed, the only answer that President Johnson can give to his foreign critics is success. Meanwhile it should not be forgotten that the objectives which the American Administration is valiantly pursuing in Vietnam command a powerful majority on both sides of the House of Commons."

Back for a Checkup

George Romney made his first public trial run for the Presidential sweepstakes a fortnight ago, at the Governors Conference in Los Angeles. His aides and backers are now trying to haul him back to the shop for a repair job on the more conspicuous bugs that showed up. The biggest splutter came in connection with Vietnam. It was a terrible mistake to get into an Asian land war, Mr. Romney explained, and we have got to negotiate, and LBJ should tell us more, and maybe the Vietnamese people don't want us there, and maybe "we need to risk the ultimate," and "this is not a simple situation—there are no simple answers," and "I think we have to weigh the question of how far, how much we can escalate without their continuing to escalate if we agree that's the real issue in Vietnam," and "as a young boy I got kicked out of old Mexico—I was born in old Mexico—these people kicked us out because they envied the prosperity of my people," and—in final summation to a Beverly Hilton turnout—"I have refrained from taking a clear-cut position one way or the other, ah, I just . . . the President hasn't either—if he hasn't, I don't see why a governor should" (all quotes being quotes). The next day, at the final session of the formal conference, Governor Romney a) seconded Mark Hatfield's peacenik amendment to the rather vague resolution of support for our "global commitments," b) voted against the amendment, which lost 49-1, and c) joined the 49-1 majority to vote for the unamended resolution.



It was a display more bewildering to outsiders than to the home folks in Michigan. The neighbors, admirers as well as critics, have long realized that George Romney is long on energy but wonderfully short on logic, a crusader who has not identified his grail, a man who is certain that, but not where, he has a mission to lead his fellow citizens. His neighbors also know that in both private and public life George Romney has so far always got what he went after. That is no doubt the reason why, in spite of the oddities of his recent performances, he is currently being rated next to Richard Nixon in the advance sheet for the GOP nomination.

Apartheid for America?

"We want black power!" Stokely Carmichael of SNCC would chant to the Mississippi marchers last month, and the antiphonal reply would come, "That's right!" "What do you want?" Carmichael would shout, and the answer would swell up, "Black power! Black power! Black power!" And suddenly "black power"—which had been around a long while, at least as far back as 1954, when Richard Wright used

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e phrase for the title of a book—was the No. 1 mestic topic.

The first thing to note is that once thrust into the rtex of public debate, "black power" has provoked e most bitter dispute on record *within* the Negro ovement—or, perhaps more exactly, "Negro move- ents." According to Carmichael and Floyd B. Mc- ssick (CORE), the opponents of "black power" are 'oms," "chickeny black preachers" who have "sold t" the Negro cause. According to Roy Wilkins NAACP), "black power means . . . reverse Hitler- n, reverse Ku Klux Klanism . . ., wicked fanaticism ., in the end only black death." This fierce con- ontation shows that the battle over "black power" in the first instance an internal struggle for control the civil rights organizations and the Negro move- ents.

The lineup is fairly clear. It is youth (Carmichael, cKissick, the radical teen-agers and students) and e newer organizations with younger members CORE, SNCC, the far-out fringes) against age Whitney Young and Roy Wilkins) and the old-line ganizations with middle-aged members (Urban ague and NAACP)—with Martin Luther King and s SCLC scared of the young upstarts but trying to ay both sides. It is the poorer Negroes against the latively prosperous. (The *National Observer* rewdly contrasts the professional and middle-class legates to the NAACP convention just met in the -conditioned Los Angeles hotel with the young, ue-jeaned CORE delegates simultaneously gathered a shabby, fearfully hot church in a Baltimore im.) It is exclusive Negro leadership in the "civil ghts" organizations, with whites allowed to come ong for the ride, against the mixed white-Liberal id Negro leadership that has been traditional in e NAACP and Urban League. It is violent methods 'self-defense," it is usually called) against non- olence. (All the organizations have shifted from the der NAACP-Urban League legalistic tactics to mass tion and civil disobedience.) It is a frankly (though guely programed) revolutionary outlook against militant reformism.

Though the "black power" dispute is in these mul- ple ways a factional struggle, it has also a critical eaning in the wide historical dimension. In essence ie call for "black power" is the rejection of the al of "integration." This was implicitly recognized st week by Harlem's Haryou-Act director Living- on Wingate, a spokesman for the poverty groups the area, in a statement against busing. "We must longer pursue the myth that integrated education equated with quality education. Busing a disad- ntaged and isolated child out of Harlem on a seg- gated bus to an integrated classroom downtown ill not give him quality education. Another gen- eration of black youths are not expendable while we await the obscure realization of an integrated society. What are we doing now to get superior—not equal—schools for the Negro child?" Wingate described the slogan "black power," of which he approves, but which in his judgment is unrelated to any call for violence, as representing "a substantial abandonment of the idea that integration alone could produce equality."

This abandonment of "integration" is the reason why the *New York Times* and Hubert Humphrey, both enormously indulgent concerning anything done in the name of civil rights, rushed to join Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young in megaton blasts against "black power." The government and the Establishment of this nation—"the power structure," as the Negro leaders say—are totally committed to integration as the solution of "the racial problem." But this is not equivalent to saying that the people of the nation—white *or* black—are committed. The emergence of "black power" recalls how persistently an anti-integrationist tendency has arisen among American Negroes: Marcus Garvey and the "back to Africa" movements; the old doctrine of the Communist Party, never officially dropped—"self-determination for the Black Belt"; the various Muslim and black nationalist movements of the present period. On a still wider scale, the new nations of Africa from the Zambezi to the Sahara are obvious embodiments of "black power": there is no pretense of "integration," and the British attempts to foster "multi-racialism" (especially in the Rhodesian Federation) came to nothing.

Finally, what else is "apartheid" carried to its complete logical conclusion? "Apartheid" means the separateness of the races, with—in the complete development—"white power" here, "black power" or "brown power" there. In young Floyd McKissick, Stokely Carmichael and their comrades, Hendrik Verwoerd has got himself some vigorous pupils.

Do We Dig It?

The Channel tunnel connecting England and France is—delayed! This is the electrifying news out of London as plans to construct a link to the continent within our lifetime abort yet once again. The tunnel has been so long in the offing that it is now a mystique like the Maginot Line. Unlike the Line, which though real served unreal purposes, the Tunnel can be said to be useful even though it does not exist. It forces Britain and France into periodic re-evaluations of each other. It cannot be discussed without touching upon all those areas—ideological, economic, psychological—where Anglo-French relations are in precarious bal-

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ance with serious implications for the rest of Europe and the world. On the last go-round Harold Wilson and Georges Pompidou even found it necessary to say something about Vietnam. So many issues are not easy to dispose of and so it's no surprise that the actual digging has been postponed until 1969. By that time, as one London paper suggested, the cost of the thing will have more than doubled, and by 1980 a tunnel may not even be necessary.

Surely, this is the point of the whole exercise. The British have long been fearful of linking up with the continent. The French have long been—the French. Better to devise a new idiom—in Franglais of course—which means "to go through the tunnel" and which would stand not for any future engineering marvel of communication but only for talking about it, going through the tunnel bit—the equivalent, in other words, of "Once more into the breach, dear friends." Better, in short, to recognize the Tunnel for what it is, and probably ever shall be: an abstract convenience for the discharge of vital business. And let the Channel Tunnel Study Group, described as "an organization formed in 1957 to try to speed a decision on the tunnel," find peace with its God.

Harry Flood Byrd

Crippled by arthritis and by generally failing health, Harry Flood Byrd resigned last November from the Senate seat he had held for 30 years. In March, a brain tumor developed. On the evening of July 5, he lapsed into a coma.

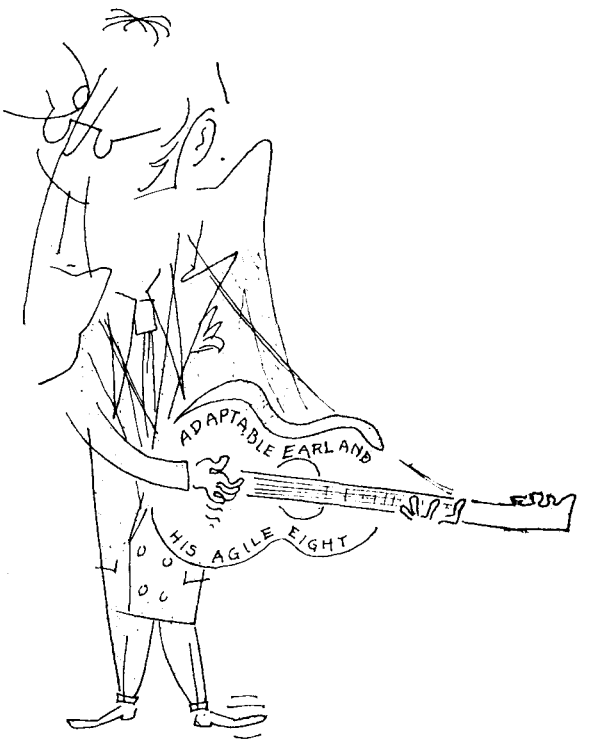
When the returns of Virginia's democratic primary came in on the night of July 12, the Senator still was clinging insensibly to life. It was a pity, in one sense, and a blessing, in another, that he could not have regained consciousness long enough to take the figures in. His 51-year-old son, Harry Jr., had won nomination in his own right to his father's unexpired term; but conservative Virginia had experienced a stunning political shock in the defeat of the venerable Congressman Howard Worth Smith, and the apparent defeat of Byrd's long-time Senate colleague, A. Willis Robertson.

The news of his son's victory would have revived the old fire. The other returns would have added to the melancholy that so affected Byrd in recent years. Virginia is changing. The whole South is changing, and the Byrd organization, which once could roll up two-to-one margins with effortless ease, is in a state of unpredictable metamorphosis, not dead, but changing too.

It was part of Byrd's strength, and yet his only serious weakness, that change of almost any sort was anathema to him. In an extravagant time, he held fast to economy in government. In a society of obsessive egalitarianism, he remained a Virginia aristocr Unusually independent, he could not stomach t concept of a dependent society. A farmer, orchard outdoorsman, conservationist, he had small und standing of the asphalt jungle. His abiding friendsl for the Negro people of his state was founded in t traditional relationship of a segregated lifetin *Brown* v. *Board of Education* meant to him only further assault by the Warren Court upon his l loved Constitution.

Yet Byrd himself was not a melancholy man, a he built much better in Virginia than perhaps knew. He loved the hurly-burly of a hot campai He loved the Senate and was well loved there. traveled widely, roaming the world at his own e pense. His life-long support of the national parks Virginia won him the only honorary rangers bad ever awarded. His happiest hours were passed climbing the quiet mountains of Virginia's Blue Rid

He leaves an immense legacy to his commonwea and to his country, a legacy not to be probated terms of bills passed or fiscal theories disdained. T legacy of Byrd was in honor, integrity, right condu a devotion to rank and class and station. Virgi dwelt for fifty years in his lengthening shad and drew from his example the ideal of gentlem who regard public office as a public trust. Willi B. Spong of Portsmouth, the able young attorney w may replace A. Willis Robertson, might be surpris



". . . and now, at the request of some acquaintances I just met in an alley—our Rock 'n' Roll version of 'The Document!' "

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hear himself described as a "Byrd man," but in ence he is a liberal-conservative, not philosophly far removed from Harry Flood Byrd at the ie age.

The dying man might have grieved at some aspects Tuesday's occurrence in Virginia, but reflection would have eased the blow. He left his changing state and his changing South solidly equipped with the ancient wisdom by which his son and his people will adapt constructively to a day the Senator will never see.

J. J. KILPATRICK

n the Right

Blue Chip Foreign Policy Opinion

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

t week, when the Liberal Admination of Lyndon Baines Johnson the audacious but necessary step extending the war to the oil supdepots of Haiphong and Hanoi, an and venerable firm of professional talists which olishes The ue Line Investment Survey ed their Vol. I No. 35, the al discussion of ks and bonds, prefaced on occasion by an ensive analysis he Vietnamese by—Professor en Lattimore.

Buckley

you are fourteen years old or less, have probably never heard the ne before. If you are 21, you may ly remember that the Professor s controversial during your early de school years. If you are middle-d and, say, Chinese, you are not ely to forget the name of Owen ttimore who, by common agreent, was the pivotal figure in the king of Far Eastern U.S. policy in postwar years, and therefore of ur current condition of servitude.

But hearken to this introduction by capitalists of The Value Line: r. Lattimore, a United States citi-, has long been a subscriber to the lue Line Survey and is well-known us as a practicing capitalist with an ding preference for bank and inance stocks. He is widely known the free world and in the Comnist as an authority on Far Eastern affairs. Caught up in the tragic confusions of the McCarthy era, he fought courageously and in the end victoriously to vindicate his loyalty to his country."

It is the current position of Professor Lattimore that it is no longer intellectually responsible to refer to "Communist" powers, since there is so much variation among the Iron Curtain countries. Applying this to the Vietnamese situation, we cannot really say that the North Vietnamese are obdurately Communist, or that if the North and South Vietnamese were to blend together there would result the kind of adamant Communism we tend to oppose. More likely, it would be a Yugoslav-type situation which, one infers, is not particularly offensive. The Professor's thesis, in other words, is that imperial Communism does not play a commanding role in the existing situation in South Vietnam and that therefore the United States ought to "extricate" itself from the area.

History Repeats Itself

His reasoning is not unrelated to his reasoning of two decades ago, when the Professor was arguing the cause of "agrarian reform," and doing his very influential best, as top official on the Institute of Pacific Relations, to effect our postwar policy of disengagement from Chiang Kai-shek (whose assistant Lattimore had once been, though back when the Communists were cooperating with Chiang) and creating the vacuum into which Mao Tse-tung moved so easily.

On April 17, 1950, *Time* Magazine, hardly a McCarthyite journal, said of Lattimore that his own inclination to believe Communism was "akin to progress did a great deal to spread this paralyzing poison through the West's thinking . . . [Lattimore] paid lip service to the idea that Asiatic Communism must not be appeased, but [his recommendations were] in effect a thorough and detailed program for appeasement. Lattimore's ideas did work to thwart the development of an effective program of U.S. help to anti-Communist forces in China."

A committee of the Senate investigated in detail Lattimore's role during the period, and concluded unanimously, after two years of work: "Owen Lattimore was, from some time beginning in the 1930s, a conscious articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy." Lattimore was indicted for perjury, but beat the charges by exposing a technical imperfection in the indictment. The charges amassed against him by the Senate investigating committee have never been confuted and the record, as it now stands, suggests that the committee analyzed the situation honestly and reliably.

And now, while a Democratic-Liberal President struggles to maintain hope in a part of the world threatened by an extension of the same shadow that engulfed China when Lattimore was directly affecting our policies, a blue chip firm of conservative capitalists turns to said Lattimore for advice. And said Lattimore comes through with advice in the spirit of the advice he gave before, advice of such tragic consequence. But how can you suspect him, ask the editors of The Value Line? He is a practicing capitalist: He owns bank and insurance stocks!

"The trouble with socialism," a European observer once remarked, "is socialism. The trouble with capitalism is capitalists."

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Pollycassandra

Just before starting to write this page, I happened to pick up the Feb. 28 issue of the *New Leader* which, by hiding in an obscure corner, had survived. (The *New Leader*, I note for those not acquainted with it, is the best of our "non-Communist left" opinion magazines—which is not saying much.) The lead article, dateline London, is "Showdown in Southern Africa" by somebody or other named Russell Warren Howe, identified as one "who travels widely in Africa, is currently on a Ford press fellowship." Its text is absolute nonsense hopped up with routine non-Communist-left rhetoric:

Burnham

"The exemplary effectiveness" of Wilson's sanctions against Rhodesia has brought him "within a few months of victory." "The success of the sanctions—now generally acknowledged" is going to bring "the showdown this year so avidly sought by Africa's black leadership." "The Pentagon, White House sources indicate, would . . . have preferred [military action] to sanctions." The UN is going to adopt—"this summer"—an African proposal "imposing oil and other embargoes on Portuguese Africa and South Africa." The South African Communist Party "will undoubtedly feel encouraged to step up its current program of selective sabotage."

The next article—"Talking with Juan Bosch," by Kal Wagenheim, "editor of Puerto Rico's San Juan *Review*"—is another four pages of nonsense, about and by Bosch: "as popular now as he was in December 1962 when he was elected president by a surprising 2-1 majority."

I began to reflect on the phenomenon of which the poor *New Leader* had provided an accidental but fair sample. Ninety per cent of the journalists and professors who tell us about political, military and economic affairs write nonsense most of the time. More particularly, they are wrong much of the time, and most of the important times, when they tell us what is *going* to happen—which, for practical purposes, is the most important part of what is said or written about political, military and economic affairs.

Flip That Coin

On Bosch, Kal Wagenheim was only saying what everybody said. They all said not only that Bosch was a marvelous fellow but that he was the Dominican people's overwhelming choice, and would overwhelmingly win in an election even half-way honest. The June 1 election was considerably more than half-way honest, and Bosch overwhelmingly lost. For decades, every time we have pondered a firm move against Soviet interest, the journalists and professors have told us Moscow would retaliate sharply, perhaps even with nuclear bombs; but Moscow never does; quite to the contrary, Moscow always backs away from firmness. At each stage we hear that escalation in Vietnam is going to bring China into the war, but it never happens or comes anywhere near happening. It was an almost universal prediction that sabotage and bloodshed in South Africa would follow "the Sharpeville massacre." And what could be more grotesquely dead than last year's Kremlinology?

Dispatches and articles about the United States in the European press are, for some reason, especially rich in absurdities. In the very top European publications (*Economist, Le Monde,* the *Times*) as well as the run of the mill, you can read why Goldwater or Reagan cannot win GOP nomination or how public opinion will force a quick pull-out in Vietnam.

Nor should one omit the innun able assertions, year after year decade after decade, by conserva journalists and professors, that de spending, the growth of the nati debt and welfarist extravagance l brought us to the immediate verg national bankruptcy.

The supplementary point in post-*New Leader* reflection was t that the multiplicity of confirm errors has no effect on the repu tion or income of the writer. He be steadily wrong for fifty years end—witness Mr. Walter Lippmar and remain unshaken at the top his branch of the profession. Whoe heard of a writer—any more thai a bureaucrat—losing a job beca he had been wrong?

Whys and Wherefores

In summary: 1) our report chroniclers and pundits are usu wrong or absurd or both; 2) doesn't bother us in the least. Tl would seem to be only one poss explanation. We—the customers—not interested in factual or predic accuracy concerning political, n tary and economic affairs. This se odd when stated baldly, but mus so. Otherwise we would judge writers in these fields like, say, players; the ones with the batting averages would get the hi est wages, and those with the w would be booted. But as things the correlation is nearly the reve the .003 hitters—Joe Alsop, D Pearson, Walter Lippmann, Huntl Brinkley, Harrison Salisbury, Emi Hughes—draw the top billings a fattest contracts.

What we want is ideological fulf ment, with its resultant emotio satisfaction. Most of what is writ about these matters is a kind of p nography, and reading it, like read other types of pornography, is a fo of intellectual masturbation. We dc really care much what Juan Bosch like or what he is going to do; i we want the pleasures of despis him (and non-Communist lefti generally) and enthusing about opponents, or vice versa. The o truths we are willing to hear ab Rhodesia or China or New York C are the truths that confirm our id logical axioms, whatever has hi pened or will happen.

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The Care and Feeding of Week-End Guests

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

High among week-end pleasures is the leisureliness of meals. To ensure it in a household that has little or no help, here are a few tips. First, about housekeeping in general.

Make a plan for the weekend and *stick* to it. Keep things as simple as possible; hot weather is no time to impress people with elaborate entertaining, even if you are able to bring it off. After all, even Marie Antoinette used to play milkmaid in summer. Clean house and shop for food before the guests arrive; keep a list of the items that have to be replenished, like milk, bread, lettuce, etc. Make a list of the chores that must be done while your guests are with you. Let all other tasks slide. Keep your house orderly, but let the major cleaning go until the guests have departed. Spend your time with your guests. Order is the main thing, an orderly house does look clean.

The Food

Be thoughtful of your guests' likes and dislikes, but don't fuss. Stick to conventional menus and dishes, and avoid specialties such as liver, kidneys, game and exotic foods with people you don't know well. Else you might find yourself with a month's supply of Tripes à la Mode de Caën or an uneaten Turkish dinner for twelve. Plain food made with fresh country ingredients and superbly cooked is always welcome. Don't experiment with new dishes and avoid foods that must be eaten the moment they are cooked, like soufflés and fried dishes, even if you excel at them. Country life is full of impromptu situations like a last-minute swim or a sunset walk.

If you don't know your guests well, ask them at the time you're inviting them if they suffer from any food allergies and if there are any foods they must avoid. And don't put on the dog to such an extent that your guests will feel you'll be eating week-old bread from the A & P for the rest of the month. Taking trouble with what you have is far more flattering than a spread of seventeen imported hors d'oeuvres. Don't overstuff your guests. Nobody wants to gain weight and you'll be blessed for low-calorie meals.

Plan one full hot meal a day; it may be at night on Friday and Saturday and in the middle of the day on Sunday. Keep breakfasts, lunches and suppers simple.

Breakfast

People away from home sleep later and eat more. In the mornings, keep the house quiet, and bully, threaten or cajole your children into silence. Tread softly yourself and don't talk to guests unless you know they are sociable before and during breakfast.

In a servantless household, breakfast is best run on a do-it-yourself basis if guests are to sleep as long as they want and if you want to get through with your chores. Some people get up early and pine for a cup of tea or coffee before all else; show them how they can make one for themselves without disturbing you and the household.

Assemble on one table in the kitchen or dining room the breakfast fixings: juices, fruit, cereals, eggs, ham or whatever you are planning to have, as well as the toaster and other appliances. This is the time to use hot trays, electric frying pans and what-not. Have fresh hot coffee ready, and don't forget boiling water and tea for the tea drinkers, as well as milk and cream.

Lunch, Supper

Serve-yourself outdoor lunches and suppers are convenient when you can't be sure your guests will be ready at a given time because it would mean interrupting a tennis game, a swim or some other pursuit.

Have foods that won't spoil with waiting. A casserole can be kept hot and so can coffee. Besides one hot dish, serve a large platter of cold cuts, a board piled high with a variety of cheeses, in hunks because they don't dry out as they do when ready-sliced, a mixed salad with dressing on the side to avoid wilting, a number of different breads and crackers (including diet breads), a bowl of fine fruit and cookies. Keep the butter and mayonnaise in an ice-filled bowl or in a cooler if the day is hot.

To drink: Serve a variety of chilled juices, aperitifs, light white or rosé wines (well-chilled), and soda for "spritzers"—that is, wine with a splash of soda, one of the best summer drinks. And have plenty of hot coffee. *Tea:* Serving tea (both hot and iced) with simple small sandwiches, such as white or brown bread with cucumbers, watercress or tomato, and a good plain cake (pound cake, Dundee cake) and a few nice cookies is a pleasant week-end habit, provided you don't make a production of it.

Dinner

Give your guests time to clean themselves up for dinner. This is the time when ladies wish to look their

best, which takes a certain amount of time to achieve. Warn your guests when it is time to get changed and tell them when you expect them to be ready.

Plan on foods that don't tie you down to the clock. Before dinner is the time to enjoy your guests in a relaxed mood. Have the children make an appearance to be polite, but don't involve them in the cocktail hour. Seeing children serve drinks

(Continued on page 743)

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Letter from London

Gin Fizz

COLM BROGAN

The subject is London. It is not that I have any strong desire to write about London, but everybody else seems to be doing it and I don't want to be left out of the act.

London has had a pretty good press from the poets in the past. Dunbar called it "the flower of cities all," and as Dunbar was a Scotsman living at a time when Anglo-Scottish relations were worse than strained, I think this handsome testimonial does equal credit to himself and the city. "Merry London my most kindly nurse" is a properly filial reference from Spenser. Even Wordsworth said, "Earth hath not anything to show more fair" than the view from Westminster Bridge. (He should see it today.) It must be admitted that Shelley was a knocker. He said, "Hell is a city much like London." Definitely not a compliment, but then, who was Shelley? A man so devoid of prudence, so wantonly defiant of the manifest and unalterable laws of God that he was caught whistling in an Edinburgh street *on a Sunday*. No wonder he was expelled from Eton three times.

It is a bit of a jump from Shelley to *Time* Magazine, which gave London a very lengthy rave notice last month. London, it seems, is the swingingest city there is. It sparkles, it gleams, it tantalizes and captivates, putting all other cities in the shade. Earth hath not anything to show more with-it. *Esquire* struck the same happy note, declaring that London is now the only place for a really sizzling cocktail party. The *New York Times* (no connection with the *real Times*—of London, I need hardly say) printed a sour article saying that all was not well, and heavily indicating that absolutely nothing was well. The *Times'* (New York) man undoubtedly is a sourpuss and is probably consumed with envy, but nevertheless, it is faintly possible that he may have a microscopic point. Among all the glittering stars of this contemporary *belle époque* it is hard to think of one who is even respectably second-rate and nine out of ten are simple phonies. Carnaby St. caters lavishly to the epicene who will spent as long pondering the hang of a trouser leg as Flaubert spent pondering the turn of a sentence. There is also a thriving trade in way-out women's gear that is well on its way in as soon as it is out, thus neatly combining non-conformity with uniformity, the daring with "the done." The mini-skirt, which ends half a dozen inches above the knee, should convince a Russian Communist that Dickensian poverty is still rife in London. Everywhere he goes, he can see wretched girls who seem to have shot out of their clothes, and he must picture mothers torn with the shame of having to go to the pawnshop to raise money to save their daughters from the greater shame of appearing in the street only half covered. However, I saw a girl the other day who would baffle the acutest social critic looking for signs of undernourishment. Her skirt that was mini even by mini standards exposed thighs that would have been excessively thick and knotted for a fullback. Provocative, I thought.

Women on The March

It goes without saying that swinging London is in an intellectual ferment. The women are on the angry march once more. The more advanced and pugnacious of them feel that male homosexuals have hogged the limelight far too long and they are striving to make lesbianism a "must" in glittering cocktail conversation. The ladies are severely handicapped in their efforts to hold the center of the stage. Interest in male homosexuality is maintained by the regular debates on reform of parliamentary bills, sometimes in the Lords and sometimes in the Commons. But as lesbianism is not a criminal offense, it never rates any parliamentary time. This is monstrously unfair, but, short of making lesbianism criminal and then agitating to have the new Act repealed, it is not easy to see what can be done about it.

On the third Sunday in June, intellectual ferment boiled all over the Albert Hall. The occasion was a Full Moon festival of poets, with audience participation cordially invited and a Happening broadly hinted at. The audience participated, all right. The four-letter words that were the main offering of many of the poets were enthusiastically taken up by the crowd, a large proportion of whom were dead drunk. The organized chant, the main piece of the entertainment, was drowned out by a four-letter antiphon shouted from thousands of young throats. Vanessa Redgrave, the actress, appeared dressed as a Cuban freedom fighter, accompanied by Christopher Logue, the poet, who was dressed as Fidel himself. Vanessa's recitation did not go over awfully well. By the time she appeared, a fair number of the audience were unconscious, others were slugging it out and the rest were making a four-letter noise like thunder everlastingly. The organizer was so disappointed with the performance that he went off to Majorca to write a poem about it.

John Osborne's latest play, staged at the National Theater, created some more ferment, with the author himself handsomely contributing. The play, called *A Bond Honored*, is a freely adapted version of what is an almost certainly corrupt text of a play that is by no means certainly by Lope de Vega. The play is far removed from the conventions of a drawing room comedy. There is murder, castration, sadism, savagery, and one rape among many that has elements of obscurity. The hero rapes his sister, but as he had raped his mother many years before, he is by no means sure that the sister is not really his daughter. I suppose that makes her a kind of half sister. In a program note, Mr. Osborne said that the play has special relevance to our present day. He must lead an exciting life.

The play got what is called "a mixed reception" in the morning papers, but there was nothing mixed about Mr. Osborne's reception of this reception. He sent a very lengthy telegram to all the newspapers, denouncing the puny and bourgeois critics

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who dared to find fault with dramatists with "earned reputation" like himself. Mr. Osborne declared that the time was past when authors could confine themselves to letters of remonstrance and rebuke to controllers of newspapers. Now it must be "open war," and he darkly hinted that the outraged dramatists had powerful weapons to deploy. So far, nothing has happened, but the critics would be foolish to sleep easily in their beds. The apparent peace may be like Hitler's phony war, and the blitz all the more terrible when it comes.

I must confess that I am rather depressed that the praise of *Time* Magazine and *Esquire* and the condemnation of the *Times* (New York) attracted any attention at all. There was a time when a sturdier spirit prevailed, and the true Londoner regarded all other human beings with the benevolent but uncommitted interest that he might bestow on, say, tropical fish. A Cockney working in Canada when the first World War broke out immediately volunteered, giving London as his home address. The recruiting officer asked, naturally enough, if he meant London, Ontario. To which he answered with ringing scorn, "I mean London, the whole bloody world." That was the spirit.

I hope and believe that beneath the surface froth London remains calmly indifferent to fortune, chance, change or outside opinion. Take the *Times* (the *real Times*). For years Fleet Street has been alive with rumor that the *Times* would at last bow to the *zeitgeist* and put news on the front page. At last the dread day dawned. Not only did the *Times* come out with news on the front page, but it also had a gossip column. This was like Queen Victoria dancing the can-can.

The lead story of the first gossip column concerned that swinging object, of Stop Press immediacy, the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Did you know that the Tower not only leans, but also revolves? It will revolve something like two inches in 900 years. No other paper ever thought of this offbeat approach. Having decided on change, the editor was neither to hold nor to bind. He had an action photograph on a sports page, a cricket photograph. Other papers had weakly conventional pictures of batsmen smiting the ball or of bowlers leaping down the field like kangaroos with malice intent. But not the *Times*. The *Times* had a picture of three English cricketers standing in the middle of the field drinking lemonade. The text

Daily Mail, London Ben Roth Agency

below explained that it was rather unusually early in the season for cricketers to want lemonade. Once again, the stimulating offbeat approach. This reminded me of the occasion when Randolph Turpin shattered the entire boxing world by beating Sugar Ray Robinson for the world middleweight title. Next day the *Times* carried a long, erudite and entertaining leading article on the Ring and its oddities, but nowhere in the whole paper was there any mention of the fight itself, not even the result. My dear friend Gene Fowler was in London at the time. He liked that. He liked it a lot.

It cannot be denied that London has ill-wishers and false friends. For example, there is the man who recently reviewed a book on Boston for the *Times Literary Supplement*. Reviews in the *Times Lit* are always unsigned, but internal evidence strongly suggested that this particular job was done by a man who has academic connections both with Cambridge (Mass.) and Cambridge (Eng.). A man of wide reading, he lacks profundity and perception. He pointed out with unseemly pleasure that the Boston Athenaeum was founded before the London Athenaeum. So, as the saying goes, what? *Gammer Gurton's Needle* was written before *Hamlet*. Need I say more?

The reviewer made another point, not entirely without interest. He said that the classical frieze which decorates the outside of the London Athenaeum compares unfavorably for undesirable flamboyance with the address of the Boston Athenaeum, which is 15½ Beacon St. It must be freely admitted that 15½ is a very good street number indeed for a locally important club. It has a quiet reticence concealing an even quieter conceit that would do credit to an inner London suburb. But the London Athenaeum, *the* Athenaeum, has *no address at all*. Tie that, Boston.

I, myself, belong to the Reform, two doors down the street. This is the club of Dan O'Connel and Lord John Russel, the club which makes acceptance of Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill (1832) conditions for all candidates. It is the club where Thackeray let it be known that Dickens was going off with an actress, the club that was the starting point of *Around the World in Eighty Days*, where H.G. Wells, a premature four-letter man, used to tire the air with talk of his fornications, the club from which Churchill and Lloyd George resigned on the same day. (A man they proposed had been blackballed.)

I once entertained an American Jesuit at lunch there. Over coffee, I asked the waiter if he had anything rather special by way of a liqueur. He lowered his voice and said, "We still have a little of Mr. Asquith's brandy left."

Herbert Henry Asquith, KC, MP, Privy Councillor, His Majesty's trusty and well beloved chief secretary of State, Elder Brother of Trinity House, Earl of Oxford and Asquith, defeated candidate for the Chancellorship of Oxford University, Squiff.

A.J.P. Taylor has said that Asquith was the only Prime Minister since Pitt to address the Commons while under the influence of drink. Taylor did not say, perhaps did not know, that Asquith once nearly fell on the flat of his back. However, we may be quite sure that no man ever

(Continued on p. 729)

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South Africa: An Unhysterical Report

From the testimony of the author before the O'Hara subcommittee on conditions in South Africa. His advice to U.S. policy-makers: Simmer down

CHARLES BURTON MARSHALL

Washington May 17

Most of my professional life has had to do with foreign policy. I am a generalist. I try, as feasible, to get a grasp of foreign policy problems in whatever area—just as I did some years back as staff consultant to the Committee on Foreign Affairs and then as a member of the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department. In other words, I claim no special expertise regarding South Africa.

My relevant interest dates back only a year and a half. It was kindled by discussion at a closed meeting in a private club in Washington. The focus was South Africa and U.S. policy regarding it. The sponsors invited me as a commentator on the main paper of the evening. I knew little of South Africa, but felt I had some capacity to spot unsound propositions in foreign policy. The paper impressed me as replete with them. I said as much with all the conviction at my command and managed to carry a substantial number of the audience along.

Some members of the South African Embassy were there that evening. One of them probably passed my name along. In a few weeks I received a cable from the South Africa Foundation. It is a privately sponsored institution, headquartered in Johannesburg. The cable invited me to visit South Africa. I made stipulations. I wanted no guided tour. I should go where I pleased and see whomever I wished. I wanted to see the controverted adjoining area of South West Africa, especially the portions reserved for non-whites. After deferring six months, I made the trip last June and July. I bought another ticket and took Mrs. Marshall along. She is an experienced observer of foreign situations and first-rate at shorthand. In our six weeks there we had about fifty interviews. I dictated about 60,000 words of notes on observations and conversations.

Time and circumstance foreclosed some of our plans. We were pleased, therefore, when the Africa Institute of Pretoria, some of whose officers we had met on our first trip, wrote about three months ago to ask us back. The same stipulations as before, except for the one about seeing South West Africa, were made. Our second trip, taking eighteen days, ended two weeks ago. We had about thirty-five interviews. I dictated about 50,000 words of notes.

In addition, as time has permitted, I have made my way through about forty books on South Africa and a great many documents. These include the array submitted by the contending sides in the South West Africa case before the International Court of Justice, as well as the testimony and the oral arguments. Also included is the first published volume of your current hearings [Subcommittee on Africa of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs]. I examined it over the weekend.

SA Skillful, Patient

Let me try to anticipate some questions. What do I plan to do with my notes? Possibly distill them into a book of essays about South Africa and South West Africa. I shall get to the task as soon as I can. Have I received any fee from the South African Government or any other South African institution? Not a cent. Have I come out ahead financially? No. Adding up missed fees and what it cost to take my wife along on that first trip, I am out of pocket something less than $3,000, which I do not regret. Has anyone connected with South Africa tried to take a mortgage on my opinions? No. None was sought, nor would any have been given. Were the conditions incident to the acceptances fulfilled? Yes, explicitly, subject to limiting circumstances when someone proved unavailable because of illness or absence from the country.

We looked over schools and colleges, hospitals, rehabilitation centers, industrial plants, agricultural projects, housing developments, and a wide variety of other such, emphasizing our interest in conditions among the non-white sections of the population. We met with several Cabinet ministers, including the Prime Minister, several members of Parliament, mayors, administrators, officers of the defense establishment, judges, members of the bar, industrial figures, scholars, educators, editors of both English-language and Afrikaans newspapers, authors such as Stuart Cloete and Alan Paton, social workers, and students. We talked with Cabinet ministers, including the Chief Minister, and with members of the Parliament, including the leader of opposition, in the Transkei. We met various tribal chiefs and head men there and in South West. We had a number of sessions with leaders of the Colored community in the Cape. Our contacts included supporters of the prevailing policy and oppositionists alike. Discourse was at all times untrammeled. I have only one relevant regret. Both times we missed the prisoners at Robben Island, the first time because I had laryngitis and the second time because the schedule ruled out acceptance of the invitation.

On the whole, Mrs. Marshall and I are glad for having been to South Africa and South West. Familiarization with the scene helps put the problems in proportion. The difference is made apparent in a perusal of

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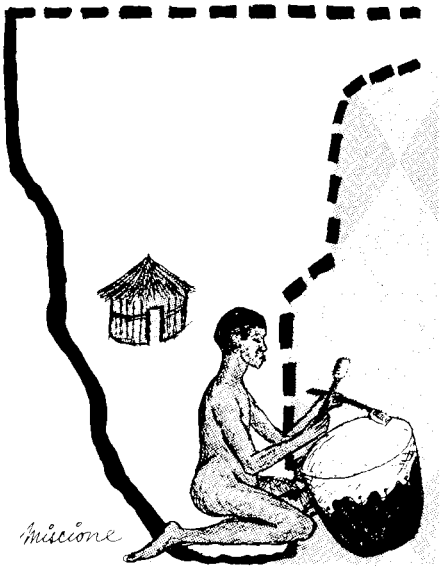
e hearings. The members who have ·en to South Africa appear much ss concerned about the place than ose who are forming judgments on layed information. I think it would ; a good thing if all the members the subcommittee could eventuly familiarize themselves with outh Africa direct—and that goes so and emphatically for South West frica.

I can state very briefly some points, ostly negative, established in our inds. South Africa constitutes no reat to the general peace. It has no ausible intention of fomenting atcks on its northerly neighbors or ı anyone else. Whatever there may ; of threat would be in the opposed rection, but is not formidable ıough to be worth worrying about r the present. That is to say, South frica can handle its peripheral seırity problems to its own satisfacon for the foreseeable future. The ternal security situation, which ·emed foreboding just a few years ıck in view of widespread and well·ganized sabotage efforts, is much ıieter now. The idea of the couny's being on the verge of some great ternal rising reflects rampant imgination. Portentous talk of a bloodıth in the offing is idle. Obviously, e society there faces a great many fficult problems. In the large, they ·e being handled with a fair amount skill and patience combined with ıthless energy. Time is more likely help than to aggravate the probms. Chivvying from outside is unkely to do any good. The portrayal the dominant group in Nazi-like rms is quite inaccurate. In the main, ıd especially in positions of impornce, we found white South Africans be people that we could level with adily in conversation about their oblems—not dogmatic and closeıinded people in any sense.

That society struck us as much too uch cut off and self-preoccupied. o some degree that is inevitable with spect to a people in such a geoaphic position, far from the world's etropolitan centers. South Africans semble Australians in this respect. heir press disserves them by feedg parochial tendencies. Here I can eak with assurance only about the nglish-language press, though I am ıld the same holds for the Afrikaans ess. These hearings on South Africa constitute a case in point. They are a big thing in the South African press. We met a number of South Africans who had inferred, from the local press play, that these hearings are one of the great affairs going in Washington, vying with the Vietnam war as a focus of vivid interest among Americans. These South Africans were often incredulous when we explained that the hearings are a relatively subordinate phenomenon with Americans and draw scarcely any attention from our own mass media. We found many instances of such misproportion among South Africans.

The main point I wish to make, however, is that greater contact rather than ostracism is what would help. I do not mean the contact supplied by sojourners who see maybe Cape Town and Johannesburg, visit some sheltered friends in university circles, and go on their way with preconceptions intact. My wife and I gained the most useful insights and experienced our best interchanges with others in remoter places like Tsolo in the Transkei, Turfloop in the Northern Transvaal, Ondangua in Ovamboland, Runtu on the Okavango River, Katima Mulilo in the Caprivi Strip, Rehoboth Gebeit in South West, and so on.



I am quite willing to pass along to you in more detail any ideas formed in the course of our efforts. My own primary concern, however, is with aspects relating to the conduct and content of United States foreign policy. I have long been impressed by the adventitious character of foreign policy. There is so often a huge gap between purposes and effects. Results have an obdurate way of confounding the authors of great designs. Accordingly, the field requires a portion of skepticism in thinking about ends and continuous rigor in considering the relation between means and ends. This characteristic, which affords a tinge of irony if not humor, is what keeps alive my own interest in foreign policy. I have written on this theme many times. The generalization applies specifically to dealings with South Africa. It pertains, I strongly believe, to some of the policy propositions put before this subcommittee.

Diplomatic Gaffe

I pass over the purely declamatory resolutions which we have been persuaded to concur in at the United Nations from time to time. These things are related to foreign policy about in the way that a man's New Year's resolutions form part of his biography. I read the other day, in the younger Arthur Schlesinger's book on the late President Kennedy, a reference to how the President regarded a certain UN resolution on South Africa, involving sanctions, with misgivings because it was grandiose—a good word in context. It means flaunting, pretentious. It pertains to the affectation of splendor. Because of that characteristic the United States did not support the resolution in question. I wish we might have applied the wisdom on other occasions, thus discouraging rhetorical profusion. Quite a few such expressions have now been put on the record—to no good avail. They get far overplayed in the South African press and in South African thought and aggravate the misproportions in which South Africans see their place in the world.

Let me cite an item. Two years ago last December 4, the late Adlai Stevenson, our chief representative at the United Nations, announced to the world through the Security Council a decision by which our government "determined to have the Embassy of the United States in South Africa represent our national principles of racial equality" by having racially mixed guest lists on social occasions. "All—white or black—who enter its doors will be treated, as

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always, in the same dignity and respect as they are in our embassies and consulates in every country," he declared. This undertaking was portrayed as a means of rebuke to South Africa and a step toward redress of bad practices on its part.

Let me put the matter in precise proportion. I would uphold in any situation the right of official representatives of the United States to choose their guest lists as they please. Were I envoy to South Africa I would insist on and exercise the same prerogative, but I would wish to do it without blasting the trumpet. In fact, the practice of thus ignoring South African rigidities about social mixing was nothing new. Something that few persons appreciate is that a roster of appropriate non-whites for such occasions had been furnished to our embassy, on request, by the South African Foreign Office. What seemed, and still seems, questionable to me was the matter of making so much out of so little. Doing so ignored the principle that diplomatic representation is conducted by leave of the host government.

By making a big thing out of it, the United States trenched upon the canons of diplomatic interchange—a bad example for us to set, because the good old basic usages of diplomatic decorum are too much flouted in our times. We would resent it—or perhaps be amused—if some government were to announce to the world that henceforth its ambassador in Washington would choose his guest lists as to present a rebuke to American practices. South Africans who pay any attention at all react the same way. Some of them feel put upon. The more sophisticated ones get a giggle out of it all. The idea that the gesture would somehow promote a change in public policy within South Africa is merely funny.

U.S.: Splitting Hairs

Yet I would not describe the gesture as without effect. An unfounded suspicion that the United States Navy might have up its sleeve a similar intention to flout ostentatiously the local practices was a main factor in prompting the South African Government to raise a question about the landing of an advance plane from the carrier *Independence* last year. The South Africans boggled. Once they put the sensitive question in writing the U.S. had no choice but to cancel the *Independence*'s scheduled visit to Cape Town. Unfortunately, diplomatic interchange had been hurt so that something big was made of something little or even non-existent. The South Africans certainly know that they botched that one. The consequences have not helped them or us. The trouble is now that if another attempt is made to make use of that logical refueling station at the confluence of the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean by sending another carrier in, the press on both sides is going to bird-dog the question as to which government backed down. Making much ado about little is a game that many can play.

A matter of similar import is the United Nations Security Council resolution of August 7, 1963 calling for the interdiction of sale of arms to South Africa. This action and its implications have been thoroughly aired before this subcommittee, and so I shall skip the details. As you know, the United States Government, in going along, made clear a reservation related to weaponry essential to strategic security of the position. The implication was somehow we would cut our policy so fine as to impinge upon the South African Government's capacity to handle internal security without affecting external defense capabilities—a very fine balance indeed. Soon thereafter, nevertheless, the United States turned down a transfer of submarines, just as recently the State Department put its foot down on a sale of Cessna aircraft, which have no military relevance.

Just four weeks ago today we had a thoroughgoing conversation with Lieutenant General Renaud van der Riet, South Africa's very able chief of defense staff, concerning the broad effect of the interdictions. As one might expect, the impact on the internal security position is nil. Beyond that, South Africa has been put to some inconvenience and extra expense. For the moment, the denial of the Cessna aircraft is causing a bit of a pinch. The government lacks for the present appropriate aircraft for surveillance of the activities of Russian vessels operating well inshore along the coast of South West Africa, scooping out fisheries with complete disregard to the needs of conservatic and finishing off in a season fishir beds that might otherwise last f years. That is the main rub. No doul it will soon be remedied by procure ment of equivalent aircraft from son other source. How we or our polic gains by this result mystifies me.

On the other hand, the General w not displeased by the broad conse quences. South Africa had general filled deficiencies from alterna sources of supply. Meanwhile, it ha been prompted to apply its own ir ventiveness and resources. The re strictions from abroad had brougl forth domestic talents. As a whol he felt South Africa was benefitir and would benefit even more i achieving a much more autonomou defense posture.

What interested us most, in th connection, was observing small an marginal consequences of the restric tions which we and the British an a few others have applied in pur suance of the cited UN resolution.

The South West Africa Case

Let me tell you of something w learned at Runtu on the Okavang River in South West Africa last Jul Runtu was a wonderful place to visi I wish the justices of the Interna tional Court of Justice might hav gone there just to witness the dis crepancies between the realities the scene and the abstractions which the case on South West Afric has been argued. I would like to spi out the details of the leprosoriur where we found well over one hur dred Bantu patients from a half doze African countries being cared for b the government, undergoing trea ment, and learning useful trades. would like to tell you about th hospital and the schools, the first ver tures into irrigated farming, the ef forts to educate the indigenous peo ples into the idea of saving mone and so on. I would like to recour our visit with Father Hoffmann an the other German priests and the ex traordinarily vivacious nun who ra the Catholic school. I should like t tell you about Dave Maree, the Com missioner for Bantu Affairs, and h delightful wife, a couple truly remark able for grace, intelligence, and de votion to their tasks—remarkable bu not exceptional, for we encountere

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ivil servants of the same estimable uality throughout the native reserves f South West.

What I must concentrate on is the lephant problem. The marauding easts are a continual menace around untu. They destroy the trees, cave- n houses, ravage granaries, and ample irrigation works. African ele- hants are tremendously formidable. hey have great propulsion and fine actical intelligence, and to stop one n a headlong charge requires pene- rating a spot in the skull no larger han a saucer—a supreme test of arksmanship. The tripod on which n elephant hunter must rely—a mat- er of mortal importance to him—is onfidence in himself, in his weapon, nd in his ammunition. Every tribal hief along the Okavango has in his eeping an elephant gun—an Ameri- an product, by the way, we were old, but did not verify. It is issued y the government. A Bantu sharp- hooter is always on duty with it. One eg of the tripod of confidence is nissing. The .480 H&H magnum am- nunition which they need is not vailable—thanks to the UN embargo. hey have to make do with a sub- titute. It does not seem to fit just ight. Muzzle velocity is not uniform. nce in a while a misfire occurs. The unters make do as they can, but heir effectiveness has been hurt. omehow it seems absurd to me that e are helping the UN withhold the mmunition needed to help Bantu armers save their granaries from avage by elephants. I compare that niserable result with the lofty pur- oses eloquently voiced by Ambassa- or Stevenson at the time of announc- ng our concurrence, and I find it ard to laugh over the disparity.

merican Ammo Best

One more instance, a happier one. t involves E. F. Potgieter, Rector of he University College of the North, n educational institution for Bantu tudents at Turfloop in the Transvaal, genuinely impressive institution. otgieter, an Afrikaaner, is an an- hropologist by training and a lion unter by avocation. He is a wiry ort, and the kind of man you would ke to have beside you at the barri- ades. He is on call to tribal people or 150 miles in any direction when he big cats come in after their cattle.

The day of our visit, Makuya, a Venda chief at Sibasa, 120 miles away, called in the alarm. Potgieter gave precise directions for the intelligence he wanted as to the numbers and the range of the raiders and promised to go up with his rifle, an American product, that very night if given the information before 2:00 A.M. Just a little while back he answered an alarm from another Venda chief, Mathele, and brought down a lion at the chief's doorstep. Impressed, the chief summoned his kindred and thereupon initiated Potgieter as his brother and a fellow chief, and Potgieter is proud of his status among the Venda. One wonders how his status relates to the apartheid concept.

Anyway, Potgieter relies on American ammunition. He says there is none other like it for power and dependability. A little over a year ago he had to give up lion hunting because, thanks to the UN embargo, he could not buy any that would fit and be serviceable, and the Venda were left to their own worries for the time being. Then word of his plight got to the American Embassy at Pretoria. Fortunately, individuals are sometimes wiser than governments. One of the American diplomats checked on the executive order and found it was forbidden only to sell ammunition, not to give it. From a U.S. visit, he brought Potgieter a few dollars' worth. The gift put Potgieter back into business. He is beginning to run short again, and he asked me to spread the word to any Americans who may come his way that any donations of .375 magnum will be gratefully received and may well help save some Bantu his herd, despite the UN.

One witness before the subcommittee, I noted, urged rigorous maintenance of the arms embargo. I for one have not much enthusiasm for seeing my government persevere in an inconsequentiality, but I should suppose that the matter is not of much material importance — though I hope some modifications can be made to enable the Bantu guardians against elephants along the Okavango to do their job and Professor Potgieter to get proper ammunition.

Suggestions Examined

Are the further steps proposed, singly or together, likely to be any more efficacious than what has been attempted up to now? I do not have a catalogue of the suggestions, but I shall comment on a few that have come to my notice—putting aside for the moment the broader question why anything at all is called for. These are horseback views, not expert ones, based on an all too hasty examination that amounted virtually to a random sampling.

Maximum assistance by the U.S. to the High Commission territories: This refers to Bechuanaland, soon to move into formal independence, and to Swaziland and Basutoland, presumably to follow the same course a little later. The United Kingdom has not been doing much for them. The situation is fairly stagnant in Bechuanaland and Basutoland, not much brighter in Swaziland, from what I have read. The only one we visited was Bechuanaland. With respect to all three, future development depends largely on ties with South Africa. I can imagine that the South Africans might be delighted to have us help with the job. Probably this is not

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what the proponent had in mind, however. More probably, he visualized the U.S. as a rival or antagonist to South Africa in the undertaking. That would strike me as a sticky and really quite unfeasible course.

Assistance and asylum to fugitive adversaries of the South African government's policies: I would suggest a long, hard look, and no blanket endorsement of this idea. Are the individuals who got away at the time of closing-in on the Rivonia conspiracy or at the time of raids against the conspirators in the Cape three years ago people to be welcomed into the country and given its help? By no means.

Action to discourage American investments in South Africa: The effect, if the action were effective, would foreclose some good money-making opportunities. German, French, Italian, and Swiss interests, very active in South Africa, would undoubtedly be alert to opportunities to take up the slack. The impact on balance would probably be negligible on South Africa. That negative point is the most favorable that can be made in regard to this proposition. If the idea were really efficacious, then it would have a most dire potential. Trying to arrest the economic progress of South Africa would be a most heedless and irresponsible course if it really worked. The best hope for the populace there, non-white as well as white, lies in an economic progression that will expand opportunities for livelihood and requirements for a larger and larger trained labor force.

Withdrawal of the U.S. commercial attaché from our Embassy in Pretoria: This is a facet of the idea just mentioned and rises or falls with it. Taken alone, the action would be a symbol of a symbol. If we were to do such a thing, I certainly would be in favor of filling in with another bureaucrat to do the job under another title.

Elimination of the sugar quota for South Africa: It is not large, I am sure, though I had no opportunity to look up the data. I think it amounts to 40,000 tons a year. The impact in general would be negligible. The trouble is that it would fall with heavy disproportion on two segments of the society. One of them is the Indians in Natal. They have been making much progress in recent years. Why this government should wish to undercut them by selective punitive action is a puzzle to me. The other is the Zulus. Some of the Zulu sugar producers are quite successful. Why bear down on them? I would certainly want to be counted as vehemently critical of this idea. I wonder whether the proponent had thought it through.

Cessation of U.S. cooperation with the South African Atomic Energy Board: What the presumable practical purpose and effects would be is not clear. In any event, I imagine the French could step in as a substitute.

Withdrawal of the space tracking facility: The hearing record is very interesting. The use of the facility is all to our advantage, according to informed testimony. To close down our interest in its operation could not conceivably have any impact on South Africa. The proposal is akin to the thinking of a fabled misogynist whose intense distaste for females led him to put his money into Girl Scout cookies which he then burned.

South African 'Propaganda'

Stanching the flow of South African propaganda to the U.S.: This idea, mentioned by two witnesses, recalled to me the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's inquiry of two or three years ago into foreign governments' propaganda and lobbying activities here. On the eve of those hearings, one of that Committee's staff described those activities to me as if they were sinister, offensive, and arcane. This attitude puzzled me. Why such maidenly astonishment over the inevitable? How could a government, with policies bearing on conditions domestic to so many other countries and with so much largesse to grant or to withhold, expect not to be, or expect its public not to be, a target for propaganda on the part of the other governments affected?

One of the earlier witnesses wishful of putting a stop to South African propaganda here very courteously sent me a copy of his testimony. It prompted me to make inquiries in South Africa as to what our own people were up to in the matter of propaganda. The answer is: plenty. They were dishing out a lot, much of it focusing, and not subtly either, on matters domestic to South Africa. I wish I had known I was going t testify here. I would have brough a sheaf of the stuff back for you t see.

I have a suggestion, which is prob ably as impracticable as the proposa commented on. Let us simply ease of on South Africa. Let our spokesme at the top and the people down th line who dish out the stuff desis from poking around into Soutl Africa's affairs. Whatever reprehensi ble the South Africans are doing i return—and I find the testimony ob scure as to what it is or why it i blameworthy—well, maybe we cai expect the South Africans to ease of in return.

Meanwhile, let us remember a cardinal rule from the Practica Man's Diplomatic Guidebook—a vol ume that has not yet been published because I have not yet got around t writing it. The rule is this: Don' go monkeying around if you don' expect to get monkeyed around with

I shall not go on laboring details What we have is a set of proposition amounting to irritants, and the sun total of a lot of irritants is still onl an irritant, much as a string of zero add up to a zero. Such undertaking would only contribute to the sense o beleaguerment—the *laager* mentality as the South Africans themselves cal it—which is one of the unfortunat tendencies one finds among the pre vailing group. The idea of precipi tating a reorientation of that polic by symbolic gestures or by applyin restrictive modifications in our com mercial policy is an idea that I woul evaluate as nil.

Blockade Fever

There is the idea of effecting a re orientation within South Africa b a drastic change in commercial policy applied by a concert of governments The word is sanctions. I note tha U Thant, in a recent interview give in London, was urging UN actio along that line with respect to Soutl Africa—without any indications of his authority under the Charter to do s or of the terms in the Charter as sumed to warrant the proposed ac tion. The idea of sanctions seems t have received small support in thes hearings—a good thing. Whateve romanticism remains about that con juring word, sanctions, may well b

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dispelled by experiences in relation to Rhodesia. If so, we may yet count the Rhodesia episode a gain.

There is the further idea that the International Court's decision in the South Africa case may provide opportunity for something as drastic as sanctions and perhaps even as drastic as a blockade against South Africa. I noted that one witness urged the U.S. to plan speedy implementation of the decision. Let me make clear that, after having read thoroughly into that case, I lack the clairvoyance of others. It would be a presuming act for me to attempt to predict the Court's decision. What I do wish to emphasize is the proper interpretation of Article 94 of the Charter relating to the execution of judgments rendered by that court. Some are disposed, I note, to speak as if the powers in the Security Council stood in relation to an International Court judgment about as a sheriff may stand in relation to a domestic court—a servant who is handed a writ as an order to go out and haul in the man named. What Article 94 says is: "If any party to a case fails to perform the obligations incumbent upon it under a judgment rendered by the Court, the other party may have recourse to the Security Council, which may, if it deems necessary, make recommendations or decide upon measures to be taken to give effect to the judgment." No automaticity is implied in that language. What it entertains is deliberation, negotiation, and the exercise of political prudence—qualities to which haste is an enemy.

Blockade, or, at a lesser level, sanctions, or, at a still more modest level, perseverance in multiplying petty annoyances—these are all actions of hostile character in varying degree. I wish to make one estimate emphatically clear. What it will take to cause South Africa to yield to outside determination of its domestic arrangements is more than any of the measures referred to. It would require the ultimate in hostile action. Basically, it would entail the application of outside forces to invade the land, to conquer it, and then to hold it indefinitely. I cannot imagine anything of the sort being attempted without the United States being the one to do it. What a job! Why we should ever want to undertake it, why we should ever wish to step in as surrogates to the South Africans in trying to manage the complexities of that society, is incomprehensible to me.

If we are not of a mind to undertake that ultimate action—and I devoutly trust and feel morally certain that we are not—then let us desist from the illusion that we can accomplish equivalent things by pinpricks. My advice regarding United States policy toward South Africa can be summed up in two words: Simmer down. Those are the words which we should pass along to other governments which try to importune us into the folly of trying to strike down a state which is economically the most successful on the African continent and politically among the most solid, probably indeed the singular most solid, on that continent.

GIN FIZZ

(Continued from p. 723)

skidded with greater dignity or more quiet aplomb. His chair is in the Silence Room, labeled and roped off for reverence, like the Tooth of the Buddha. His slightly bottled but imperial bust stands on the mantelpiece of the Morning Room overlooking the table where Burgess and Maclean (son of his successor as Liberal leader) plotted their escape to Moscow.

There is reassurance as well as benignity in that gaze. Outside the walls the sons of Belial may roam unchecked, while awful Englishmen pretending to be Americans are supplanted by appalling Americans pretending to be English, but within the Great Liberal still holds his fallen day about him, and we, the sworn defenders of the Reform Bill, may know that while all is not well, at least all is not yet lost.

We have still a little of Mr. Asquith's brandy left.

"This is our school Meditation Hall, which has been especially designed to displease everyone equally."

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The Library at The St. Regis

RUSSELL KIRK

A murrain on the flashy new motel! One melancholy phenomenon of our era is the decay of great elegant hotels. A half dozen such have vanished from New York in the past year or two. Their architecture and décor will not be seen again.

I received as glad tidings of great joy, therefore, the news that the St. Regis Hotel, on Fifth Avenue in Manhattan, is saved by the Sheraton chain. Not only will its splendor be preserved, but the rooms will be handsomely refurbished. Hotel building probably attained its zenith at the beginning of this century, when the St. Regis opened its doors.

Kirk

One of the curiosities and rarities of the St. Regis is its library. Some years ago I was entertained there at a CBS cocktail party, but I had no opportunity to examine it closely until very recently. It is a long handsome room (now used chiefly for parties and suppers), entirely lined with high cases of books in beautiful leather bindings. (The St. Regis has a second library, too, in its Maisonette restaurant.) All the books were acquired and bound in the St. Regis' first days; so the New York Public Library, which until this year hadn't known about the collection, is most interested in this study in hotel guests' taste of two generations ago. (There are only three Russian novels—badly translated—for instance.)

Like great ocean vessels, these magnificent hotels of the St. Regis' period supplied every want of their guests, as if all were on a lengthy voyage. In those days, people stayed for a week or more, often while waiting for a ship to Europe. In this time of alleged "leisure," the overnight guest predominates. For my part, I could browse happily in the St. Regis' library for a week. Thanks to the Sheraton people, the hotel and its books are guaranteed at least another 25 years' existence.

The most lively library I ever chanced upon in a hotel exists, of all places, in the Fishing Inn (a very modest, homely place, for all its formal Victorian parlor) at Lochailort, in the desolately beautiful West of Scotland. Clearly the proprietor was a reader, for he had a whole second parlor crammed with excellent books of all periods—and all of them, unlike the fine bindings of the St. Regis, much read and even dog-eared. The sportsmen who frequent the inn apparently browsed happily on very rainy days—or did when I was there, a dozen years ago, before television had intruded. By the fire, I re-read some part of Boswell's *Johnson*.

Nearly every old-fangled Scottish or English inn, for that matter, has somewhere a case of very decent books. In the Cleikum Inn at Peebles—an establishment made famous by Walter Scott, whose chamber is still shown—a year ago, I read a volume of theology, between intervals of conversation with commercial travelers. Apparently British hotel guests still are honest enough to refrain, in this decadent era, from carrying off these unguarded books.

Marble Halls

But back to the grand hotel: "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls." The interior of the St. Regis is nearly all rich marbles. Beside the reception desk, the marble pavement has a small depression worn in that enduring stone. Here, for forty years, the same manager stood to receive his guests, only his costume changing with the fashion of the decades; and he being in the habit of rubbing one foot against the floor as he stood, he has left a little hollow to mark his fortitude, though he now lies lapped in lead.

Like libraries, marble halls are not erected by hotel proprietors nowadays, except (occasionally) in Italy. My favorite new grand hotel of marble halls is the Due Torri, in Verona, risen splendidly beside the Adige from the ruins of the war. Its public rooms are superbly decorated and its bedrooms charming.

When in Rome, I usually stay at the Albergo Minerva, the oldest hotel in the Eternal City that was built as a grand albergo. (Some simple medieval Roman inns still are in business, though, including one in the next piazza where Pietro Aretino used to stay.) The Minerva is a gigantic eighteenth-century palace on the Piazza Minerva, just across from what used to be the Holy Office, where Galileo was tried. The Minerva's beds aren't the softest in the world, but it is a silent delight to breakfast in the immense solitudes of the vaulted dining hall.

Noble Old Houses

Quite a different sort of stone magnificence is encountered at the Lygon Arms, at Broadway, in the Cotswolds of England. This is a vast medieval mansion converted into a luxurious hotel, which sets one of the best tables in Britain. It is built of the lovely Cotswold stone, and its tremendous fireplaces are worth beholding. The Angel, at Grantham, in Yorkshire, is another noble house of medieval times that has become a comfortable inn.

One can, of course, find hotel magnificence in brick, or even in wood. The biggest wooden hotel in the world is the airy and cheerful old Grand, on Mackinac Island, which I try to visit every year. (They still encourage the guests to wear evening dress at the Grand, there away at the top of Michigan, in the windy straits.) From the seemingly endless veranda, with its tall columns, one looks down upon the fort we took from the English.

In place of lofty ceilings (those of the Biltmore, in Los Angeles, are my favorites) the motel gentry give us skirtless cocktail waitresses. How I abominate the airport hotels, particularly those about the New York airports! Take back your distressing foam-rubber mattresses, master innkeeper, and show me to your library.

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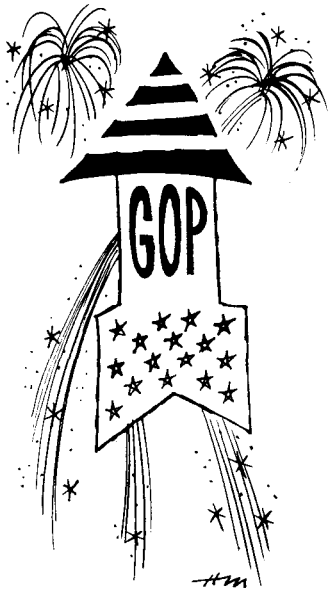
Party Loyalty, Anyone?

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

The Liberal compulsion to explain wha' hoppen at the 1964 Republican convention, and how it can be prevented from ever, *ever* happening again, continues to generate books at an undiminished rate. The latest offering is a product of that pseudo-Republican subspecies of Liberalism that demurely labels itself "moderate."

George Gilder and Bruce Chapman were respectively the editor and publisher of *Advance*, a passionately Liberal Republican journal that flourished at Harvard and elsewhere from 1960 to 1964, when David Rockefeller and various other angels unexpectedly ran out of petty cash. In addition Chapman, revealing an unsuspected aptitude for practical politics, rose through the ranks to the dizzy pinnacle of Vice President of the Harvard Young Republican Club. In 1964, having graduated from Harvard, and apparently feeling heavy with years and honors, the pair retired—at 25 and 24 respectively—to spend the rest of their lives giving free advice to Republican leaders, from Dwight Eisenhower and Ray Bliss to Barry Goldwater and Clif White. Gilder ran through a junior fellowship of the Council on Foreign Relations, then caromed into an associate editorship at the congenial *New Leader*. Chapman, on the other hand, ascended into the editorial offices of the *New York Herald Tribune*, where he is seated at the right hand of Walter Thayer.

In the present volume, which was obviously pieced together from old issues of *Advance* and fleshed out with scuttlebutt picked up in the process of publishing it, the authors give us a harrowing description of the Republican Party in the early 1960s as seen from a Liberal point of view, and conclude with the obligatory chapter on "An Ideology for Republicans." The latter demonstrates, far better than any words of mine, the near-total bankruptcy of the Liberal Republican position. It has virtually nothing whatever to say about foreign policy, and its domestic platform consists of such spine-tingling proposals as the "economical administration" of Medicare, conservation of natural resources, work-week reduction, incentives for long-term military enlistments, and—my own special favorite—"state participation in the planning of federal expenditures for regional economic development."



The rest of the book is more stimulating, if only by contrast. Early on, the authors make a special point of denying aggressively that there is any such thing as an Eastern Establishment in the Republican Party. To anyone who watched (let alone, if I may say so ruefully, participated in) the Dewey and Eisenhower pre-convention campaigns of 1948 and 1952, this at first seems too ingenuous for words. (Theodore White, who is not exactly a Bircher, devoted seven whole pages of *The Making of the President 1964* to a detailed and accurate description of the "Eastern Establishment.") But then one realizes that these lads had not yet turned thirteen when Brownell's seasoned battalions rolled over Taft in 1952, and that their entire personal experience of the Establishment has been obtained in the years since 1960, when it had become unmistakably senile. They are not dissembling; they really don't know any better.

But if there is no such thing as an Eastern Establishment, you can be sure that in 1964 there was a devilish *rightist* plot—a product of "fanaticism and duplicity" which, thanks to "the unprecedented breakdown" of "internal democratic processes," was able, though it "did not represent majority sentiment," to capture the Republican Party "by conspiracy, infiltration and subterfuge." It is rather comical to find such perfervid demonology in the very same book that, apropos the Eastern Establishment, drily notes that "conspiracy theories of history reveal more about the desperation of their progenitors than about history itself."

As a matter of fact, the book's rhetorical assault on the conservative wing of the GOP at times becomes so violent that one puzzles over its purpose. The Republican campaign of 1964, which many pragmatists considered ridiculously unworldly, was actually "designed" (*designed*, mind you) "to appeal to suspicion, xenophobia, fear, resentment, religiosity and barroom virility." Senator Goldwater "was allowed to pass as a reputable conservative Republican"—despite, apparently, overwhelming evidence to the contrary. Clif White, that epitome of modest idealism and quiet professionalism, "disqualified himself, one would have supposed, from attacking anyone for abandoning ideals or principles."

But that last remark gives the show away. The point of this whole deluge

The Party That Lost Its Head, by George F. Gilder and Bruce K. Chapman. Knopf, $6.95

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of derogation is precisely to deflect criticism. Our young authors are necessarily concerned (though they nowhere admit it) to defend the Liberal Republican performance in 1964, and they have already discovered that the best defense is a strong offense. On page 193 they lay their basic contention on the line: "Goldwater's nomination . . . was not an ordinary event in American politics, achieved by traditionally legitimate methods. *Individual responses to it cannot be judged by the ordinary criteria of partisan loyalty.*" (Italics added.) And on page 209 they go even further: Goldwater's handling of the civil rights issue "alone was enough to relieve conscientious Republicans, conservative or moderate, of any obligation remaining after the convention to support their party's nominee."

It is a strenuous effort, but of course it fails. Nobody is required, in this land of the free, to vote the straight Republican ticket; but professional politicians who break party ranks under stress can hardly expect, when the tables are turned, to reap the traditional rewards of party regularity. The Liberal Republican big-shots who in 1964 stabbed their national ticket in the back may as well make up their minds that they have forfeited the automatic allegiance of the conservative Republicans they betrayed.

If any doubt remained as to the necessity for that conclusion, this testament of Liberal Republicanism dispels it. Here one can find no trace of a genuine willingness to compromise, let alone the faintest glimmer of a sympathetic comprehension of the conservative point of view. To Gilder and Chapman, the New Math of "demography" (or, to be crude about it, the Negro vote) explains all, and justifies all. Politics is merely the science of amassing a majority; and that majority, like any other form of might, makes right.

Yet it is no disgrace to believe profoundly that a majority is mistaken; and there have even been times when men were accounted noble for dissenting. Barry Goldwater, and the Republicans who followed him, had a far sounder notion of the true purpose of politics than the febrile Liberals they trounced at San Francisco—and whom they could trounce again tomorrow, if they buckled down to it.

Fiction

African Gothic

JEFFREY HART

MANFRED ARCANE, the hero of Russell Kirk's new novel, would be very much at home in the fantastic world of *The Mysteries of Udolpho* or *The Castle of Otranto*. The illegitimate son of an English nobleman, but raised in Habsburg Vienna, he has wandered about the world intriguing and fighting under many flags; he has become immensely rich; some terrible secret has darkened his soul, and he seems as cynical as he is civilized. To counteract *ennui* he has accumulated a retinue of freaks and eccentrics. He is, in short, a typical character of Gothic romance.

It is Russell Kirk's point here, however, that Manfred Arcane is equally appropriate to the fantastic reality of an "emerging" African nation. If the Gothic romance has its sinister noblemen, hunchbacks, trapdoors, evil priests, and locked towers from which mad laughter is heard, the new nation of Hamnegri, "no nation at all, but a French-built abstraction, now falling apart," its chaos located somewhere south of the Limkoko Confederation, possesses—despite its pretensions in the General Assembly—a full set of equivalents.

AT THE BEGINNING of the novel, Manfred Arcane is the grey eminence behind a Sultan who has ruled Hamnegri since it gained independence from France. Arcane lives in Palma among his Italian primitive paintings, incunabula, and his collection of medals and coins, and from this vantage point manages Hamnegri's oil franchises and oversees its foreign relations. The Sultan, however, has just been overthrown and dismembered by a "Progressive junta" which now controls most of the country and is pushing forward to seize the rest. The "Progressives"—savages, of course,—are backed by the Soviet Union and by world Liberal opinion, and they have Russian weapons and Bulgarian "advisers." They are also backed, madly, by the State Department, whose Special Consultant on Afro-Asian Affairs, a Soapy Williams type named T. William Tallstall, has turned up full of "sympathy for democratic aspirations in Hamnegri," and contemptuous of the "feudal reactionary" regime of the late Sultan.

NATURALLY, THE "PROGRESSIVES," led by "Paris-educated Dr. Zingu," turn out to be Communists, and quickly begin to turn Hamnegri into a Soviet satellite. Mourns Tallstall: "Where are all the moderates in this confounded country? We need middle-of-the-roaders. I can't understand how Zingu and Villiers-Kolama turned extremist overnight."

The political message of this novel remains implicit, but nevertheless is clear enough. To expect moderate democratic government in a place like Hamnegri is utterly fatuous (and for Hamnegri one can substitute whatever "Third World" nation is currently in the headlines). An obvious truth? Not, it seems, to the Tallstalls and to the *New York Times*, and one wonders when Liberal opinion will assimilate the historical fact that parliamentary democracy has produced stable government in only a handful of nations—and not even in all European nations: not in the Balkans, not in Italy or Greece or Spain or France; and when, having assimilated that fact, Liberal opinion will cease expecting it to flourish in the Hamnegris of this globe. So resistant is the Liberal imagination to so manifest a fact that one is justified in suspecting it of a deep hatred of actuality.

It is the Gothic imagination of Manfred Arcane that can accommodate Hamnegrian actuality, and the novel concerns his efforts, ultimately successful, to defeat the "Progressives" and restore the "Legitimist" government. His machinations are skillful, and he even has the proper rhetorical style: his mercenaries—ex-Foreign Legionnaires, adventurers, Algerians, etc.—are called the International Peace Volunteers. The tale is an en-

Creature of the Twilight: His Memorials, by Russell Kirk. Fleet, $5.95

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tertaining one, and in telling it Kirk employs an extraordinary variety of narrative devices — letters, diaries, newspaper reports, dialogue, even tape recordings. The method is effective in capturing the bizarre Hamnegrian reality.

One final note: this book would make a marvelous movie in the Bogart-Peter Lorre-Sidney Greenstreet vein. The opportunity should not be missed.

Myths Die Hard

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

WHEN NICOLA SACCO and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were executed on August 23, 1927 after being found guilty of the murder of a paymaster and a guard in the holdup of an industrial plant in the Massachusetts town of South Braintree seven years earlier, the American left-wing intelligentsia obtained a cherished martyr myth. The trial and the subsequent prolonged process of exhausting all possible appeals had been well publicized. Anarchists, Communists, socialists and well-meaning humanitarians rallied to the defense of the "good shoemaker and poor fish peddler," as Vanzetti described himself and his fellow defendant, and a picture was built up of two innocent men, guilty only of holding unpopular extreme ideas, being consigned to death by a sinister combination of political and ethnic prejudice.

Protest: Sacco-Vanzetti and the Intellectuals, by David Felix. University of Indiana Press, $5.95

The trial judge, Webster Thayer; the governor of Massachusetts, Alvan T. Fuller, who refused to extend clemency; and President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University, member of the three-man commission which advised the governor not to remit or commute the sentence—were overwhelmed with abuse as forces of darkness conspiring to commit a judicial murder. The well-known columnist Heywood Broun called his alma mater, Harvard, Hangman's House, and accused President Lowell of pulling the electrocution switch. A Liberal magazine recalled Daniel Webster's phrase, "Massachusetts, there she stands," with the bitter addition: "an object of the execration of mankind." Poets and writers joined in marches of protest and death vigils; and excitement over the case led to demonstrations in many cities of Europe and South America.

Even now, almost forty years after the execution, there are hot embers in the ashes of the Sacco-Vanzetti case; there are individuals who are passionately convinced that the two men were victims of a miscarriage of justice. There is also the theory, which I have heard privately expressed by a man very close to the conduct of the case, that Sacco was guilty, but Vanzetti, who had also been convicted of an attempted armed robbery in Bridgewater, was innocent. Of the two, Vanzetti, who possessed considerable untutored gifts in speech and writing, was the more appealing figure.

At the time when the case was under consideration the tide of emotionalism ran so high that there was a tendency to disregard the details of the evidence against the two men. They were envisaged as strangers within our gates who were being hounded to death by a cruel and oppressive establishment. Their image fitted in admirably with the general mood of radical and Liberal discontent with the supposed wrongs of labor, discrimination against racial minorities, and the ills of society generally. As the famous and highly independent Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to Harold Laski:

"It isn't a matter of reason, but simply shrieking because the world is not the kind of world they want—a trouble most of us feel in some way. . . . I had a letter from A. Hill saying that Frankfurter will write nothing more about Sacco and Vanzetti for a year. I hope it will be longer than that, as I think all those who were interested in that side seem to have got hysterical and to have lost their sense of proportion."

Myths die hard. But David Felix, in a calm, persuasive book based on thorough research, places a large charge of dynamite in the legend that

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two innocent men of foreign origin and idealistic views were deprived of legal rights and railroaded to death on a charge without factual foundation. His findings, in substance, concur with those of the Boston lawyer, Robert H. Montgomery, who published an exhaustive survey of the case some years ago. Between the books there is a difference of emphasis; Mr. Felix is more sympathetic with the motives of the protesters, even while he demolishes, one by one, the factual grounds of their protest.

He shows conclusively that there was no element of lynch law in the trial or in the protracted hearing of the appeals. It was the defense, not the prosecution, that dragged in the foreign origin and radical views of the defendants. There was no clamor in Boston or other Massachusetts newspapers to "hang them after a fair trial." The press was very moderate; the strongly charged emotional appeals came from the sympathizers with the defendants. The very length of time that elapsed between the conviction (July 14, 1921) and the execution six years later shows the latitude allowed the defense in carrying appeals to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, which invariably rejected those appeals.

The evidence on which the conviction was based was strong. When Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested they were not carrying harmless anarchist literature, as inaccurately stated by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in his *Crisis of the Old Order*, but a pistol, a revolver and a quantity of ammunition. The fatal bullet found in the body of the guard, Berardelli, was of an obsolete type, of which several others were found in Sacco's possession. A revolver in Vanzetti's pocket was of the same type as that carried by Berardelli, whose revolver was missing after the crime.

This ballistic evidence perhaps carried most weight with the jury, as the typewriter was the most effective witness in another celebrated case, that of Alger Hiss. There were also identifications by witnesses; but, as is usual in such cases, these were somewhat confused and contradictory. Other links in the chain of circumstantial evidence were lies and inconsistent statements by both defendants under interrogation and the fact that neither could offer a clear alibi as to his whereabouts at the time of the crime.

Critics of the verdict have made much of Judge Thayer's alleged use of the term "anarchistic bastards" in referring to the defendants outside the courtroom. One hearsay affidavit, signed by the author Robert Benchley, was vigorously denied by Loring Coes, the man to whom Thayer was supposed to have spoken. That the Judge erred in expressing judgment outside the courtroom seems undeniable. But there is no indication that this affected his conduct of the trial (the transcript, according to Mr. Felix, shows that he ruled for the defense more often than for the prosecution) or his charge to the jury.

In the last phase of the case the counsel for the defense tried to fix responsibility for the crime on the Morelli gang, a group of criminals operating from Providence. But they never produced evidence that could have stood up in a court of law.

The reader of Mr. Felix's well-constructed summation of this famous case finds himself confronted with two alternatives. Either Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty as charged. Or there was an inexplicable conspiracy to commit judicial murder on the part of the prosecutor, the judge, the jury (a postwar interrogation of its members revealed no doubt that the verdict was just), several judges of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, the governor, and a completely impartial advisory commission which he appointed. The first seems far more likely to be the fact; the second, the stuff of which myths are made. Mr. Felix has gone far to demolish the credibility of this particular myth, all the more because he writes with no trace of the passion which the case stirred up at the time when it was running its course.

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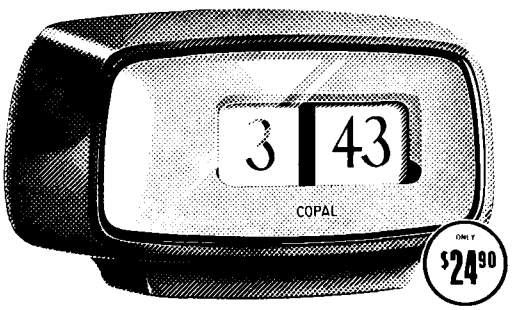

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A Good Story Well Told

JARED LOBDELL

The Shackles of Power: Three Jeffersonian Decades, by John Dos Passos. Doubleday, $6.95

According to the dust-jacket (usually an infallible guide to what a book is not about), this is "the story of the great men, the scoundrels and the opportunists who dominated the young Republic during the Jeffersonian era"—and, unusually, that turns out to be a pretty good description. But there are two key words whose meaning ought to be explored. First of all, what *kind* of a story is this? and, secondly, what exactly is meant by the Jeffersonian era? In answering these two questions, one can find out a great deal about the strengths and weaknesses of the book.

One suspects that the word *story* is exact and applicable, whereas the word *history* might not be. That is not to say that Mr. Dos Passos fails to present a considerable amount of the history of the period, only that the inspiration is probably, and the method quite certainly, literary rather than historical. Perhaps this is no bad thing. One likes to read a good story well told, and this is a good story—or rather, it is several good stories. But it represents itself as history, and (in part owing to the format of the Mainstream of America series itself) it may be that one must judge the work more severely as history than one would like.

A good example may be found in the treatment of the Burr conspiracy. It is quite true that Aaron Burr was an adventurer, albeit a charming one, but it is also true that Burr's trial showed Thomas Jefferson at his worst, and what is more, it is true that in spite of all Thomas Jefferson's efforts, Aaron Burr was *not* convicted on a charge of treason (a fact which is rather in the background here), and true as well that his private adventure against the Spanish in 1806 was the precursor of two later and widely praised American adventures, a private one in 1836 at the Alamo, and a public one in 1846 under the direction of James K. Polk. Though Thomas Perkins Abernethy, in his book, *The Burr Conspiracy*, returned an unfavorable verdict, at least (even if one might disagree with him) he presented documentary evidence for the conclusions he drew. The problem with Mr. Dos Passos' treatment is that the format of the series prevents adequate documentation, and his own Jeffer-

Random Notes

● Books: The Vietnam situation, if there still is one by this winter, should be clarified by *Buddha Beheaded*, a critical study of Buddhist political activity and its relation to the traditional religion, by Jerrold Schechter, Time-Life chief in Tokyo (Coward-McCann, winter). . . . Nicholas Von Hoffman, of the *Chicago Daily News*, has an alarmer in *The Multiversity* (Holt, June, $5.95). He dissects the University of Illinois, which has a trifling 12,000 students, and finds it bad. . . . Kenneth Hamilton fires a counterblast in *God Is Dead: The Anatomy of a Slogan* (Eerdmans, July, $1.25).

Turning from recent unpleasantnesses to older ones, the charge of the Light Brigade pales beside the British retreat from Kabul in the first Afghan war, wherein only one of 4,500 fleeing soldiers and civilians survived. Patrick Macrory tells the hitherto untold story in *The Fierce Pawns* (Lippincott, $7.95). . . . On the lighter side, Felicia Lamport and Edward Gorey, who gave us *Scrap Irony*, collaborate again in a tidbit called *Cultural Slag* (Houghton-Mifflin, September), and C. Northcote Parkinson portrays eleven little-known but fascinating individuals in *A Law Unto Themselves* (Houghton-Mifflin, September, $4.95).

Victor Lasky's *JFK, the Man and the Myth*, of which Macmillan sold 200,000 copies, is back in print under the Arlington House colophon, at $7.95. . . . Speaking of reprints, Barnes & Noble is bringing back the ten-volume Centenary Edition of Browning's works, originally published in 1912 (late fall, $100), and two versions of Audubon's *Birds of America* are coming: a lavish, two-volume affair with reproductions of the artist's original watercolors, rather than later engravings (American Heritage, fall, $75), and a paperback reprint, in black-and-white, of the seven-volume 1840 edition (just engravings; Dover, July, $2.50 per volume).

Admirers will welcome *The Satiric Art of Evelyn Waugh*, by James F. Carens (University of Washington Press, published, $5). . . . Harper Colophon Books, probably the best line of quality paperbacks, inaugurates a new series of travel guides to slightly out-of-the-way places. First three, just published, are *The Greek Islands*, by Ernle Bradford; *Sicily*, by Christopher Kininmouth, and *Finland*, by Sylvie Nickels ($1.95 each).

● Movies: American-International, until recently content to grind out low-budget uglies, now strives to excel by putting big money and big stars in sf films. Besides the Terry-Thomas/Gert Frobe *Rocket to the Moon*, already reported here, they're at work on H. G. Wells' *When the Sleeper Wakes*, and a redo of that 1936 classic, *The Golem*. . . . Looks interesting: *Tiny Lund—Hard Charger*, billed as "a motion picture about a Southern stock-car driver, filmed without actors in the Carolinas." Those who enjoyed Tom Wolfe's piece on Junior Johnson should seek the movie out. . . . Probably the season's best idea is United Artists' hiring of Virgil Partch to dream up sight-gags for *How to Succeed in Business et cetera.*

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THE

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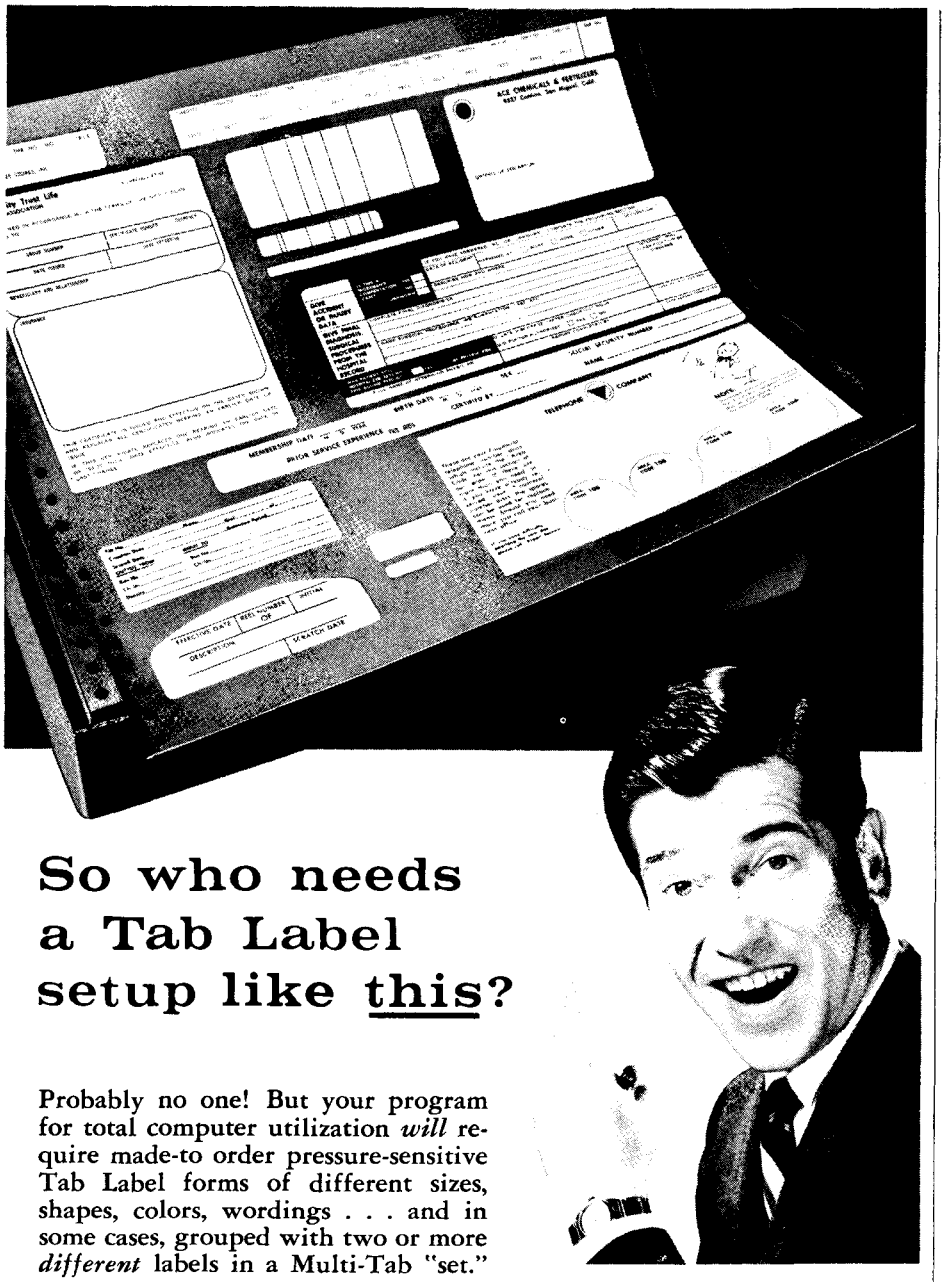

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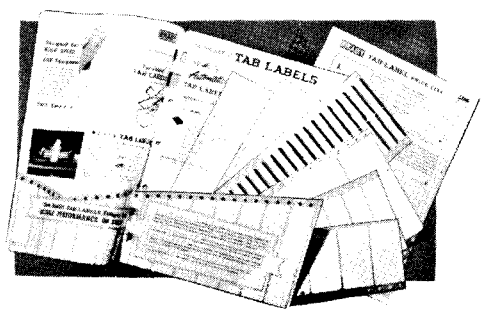

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sonian sympathies prevent (or at least make exceedingly unlikely) a balanced treatment of Jefferson's greatest enemy.

It can at once be granted that these sympathies make his story-telling better. The reader receives an admirable hero (with a few faults, but doubtless lovable ones), and a hateful villain—the chapter is entitled "The Arch Traitor Burr"—and (it is a soap opera story) the hero wins out. But it is possible that the question, "Is this true?" is not fully considered. Of course, I have a kind of bee in my own bonnet about Burr, which means that I may not be fair to Mr. Dos Passos—but then, I do not think Mr. Dos Passos is being fair either. Even if Burr were guilty (the courts said he was not), the affair shows, in Leonard Levy's phrase, "the darker side" of Thomas Jefferson.

THIS MIGHT NOT be so important as I think it, if this were in fact the history of the United States in the years 1801-1831, but it is not, and this brings me to the second question I asked in the beginning: what is meant by "the Jeffersonian era"? On the evidence, Mr. Dos Passos is writing a history of "Jeffersonianism" in action, from the beginning of Jefferson's administration to the arrival and adventures of Alexis de Tocqueville. Very well, but in fact the story begins for the most part in 1806, and narrows to the concerns of the University of Virginia some ten years later (with what was happening at Washington heard as distant cannonading), skips five years after Jefferson's death, and closes with the journeys of de Tocqueville as an epilogue.

In other words, the Jeffersonian era is understood first as the era of Thomas Jefferson's Presidency (second term only), then as the era of Jefferson's followers (if indeed Madison was a follower), then as the time when Jefferson was, in his last decade, chiefly interested in the University (and at this point the focus narrows), and finally, in the epilogue, as the era of Jeffersonianism. While this is good organization for an elegiac poem, it is doubtful that it can sustain a book which claims to be history—or at least it is doubtful that it can sustain this book. For what such an organization needs, as the thread running through it, is the

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personality of Thomas Jefferson—which could be shown as a constant thing, or in the process of change, or contrasted with the personality of "Jeffersonianism."

But, though Mr. Dos Passos, in his familiarity with the period, shows us a considerable amount of Jefferson, as well as giving us some good views of his contemporaries, the soft-pedaling of his faults that I find so evident in the handling of the Burr controversy is to me a measure of the author's disinclination to show the full Jefferson, which disinclination bars him from any of these three approaches to unity. It is a harsh thing to quarrel with a man for not writing a book that he had no intention of writing, and harsher still when one has enjoyed reading what he did write. It is harsh also to quarrel with a novelist for writing a novel (perhaps I ought to use the words *elegist* and *elegy*), and doubly harsh to object to what I would give much to hear as table talk or fireside conversation. But this book is not about three Jeffersonian decades; it does not particularly seem to be about the shackles of power; however, for those who relish good stories, and who are proof against (or do not care about) a rather cavalier treatment of controversial matters, the book can be cheerfully recommended.

Theater

Oasis on Broadway

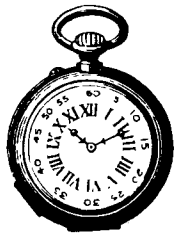
J. J. BOIES

THERE MUST BE many males of my generation who have been indelibly marked by Humphrey Bogart's film characterizations of the tough Hemingway hero and Jason Robards' sensitive interpretations of F. Scott Fitzgerald's charmingly tragic debauchees. What, then, could be more proper than the fact that our ideal woman is the husky-voiced blonde with the immense and appealing eyes currently cavorting on the stage of the Royale Theater in *Cactus Flower*. Her name is Lauren Bacall. She is charming, and the play is a lot of theatrical fun in a Broadway season marked by very little of that rare commodity.

Cactus Flower is basically French bedroom farce fully Americanized by that master of the brassily brash Broadway musical comedy, Abe Burrows. It must be admitted that in this case he seems somewhat limited by the original script of the French play by Pierre Barillet and Jean-Pierre Gredy. The situational incongruities and gimmicks begin running out of gas in the last act. But the lines are fresh and sassy, the direction (Mr. Burrows' own capable hand at work) clean and sharp, and the acting generally first-rate.

Barry Nelson is at the top of his craft in this sort of comedy, and he is at best in *Cactus Flower*. He portrays a successful bachelor dentist who pretends to his young mistress that he has a wife in order to forestall her suggestion of marriage. But after she attempts suicide (there is never a serious indication that it might have succeeded), he has a complete change of heart and decides to marry her. Complications arise when she develops compassion for the spurned wife and demands to meet her. Enter Bacall. Encased in an attractive, if sterile-looking, white uniform, Miss Bacall plays the dentist's nurse, Stephanie. Secretly loving her boss and loathing her unexciting spinster life with her mother, Stephanie finally agrees to the dentist's request that she impersonate his estranged wife, replete with three children.

Complication leads to complication until the final switch, when Stephanie sheds her uniform for a



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dazzling dinner gown, worn by Miss Bacall with that fashion-model magnificence we have come to expect of her. At the opening of a subsequent scene, we discover that the little cactus plant decorating Stephanie's office desk has burst into bloom. Stephanie herself blooms for her dentist-boss so that he completely shifts his affections to her. But in the manner of all sentimental farces since the eighteenth century, nobody is hurt. The dentist's mistress has developed a passion for a struggling young playwright (not really penniless) who lives next door.

Mr. Nelson's capacity to punch a line exactly right or throw it away with flawless timing has kept Broadway and film audiences laughing from *The Moon Is Blue* through the more recent *Mary, Mary*. The lines in *Cactus Flower* are written to order for him. When, as the dentist Julian, he passes the first crisis in his personal affairs by coaxing nurse Stephanie into assuring his mistress that the divorce is mutually desired, he discovers that he must further prove that his rejected wife is happily enamored of another worthy man. He gingerly approaches Stephanie with a request to continue the masquerade by appearing in public with one of his worthless friends. Though she has run his office with wifely care, even prepared his lunches, this is beyond the call of duty, and she stalks out in a huff. Mr. Nelson's beautifully tossed black-out line is, "My God, you just can't get decent help any more."

A UNIFORMLY good cast supports Miss Bacall and Mr. Nelson. Brenda Vaccaro is attractive as the mistress and Burt Brinckerhoff, more often associated with grim TV drama, is engaging as the boy next door. A special nod should go to Arny ("Byrrh-on-the-rocks") Freeman as Señor Sanchez, an irrepressible international roué.

There are only a few sour notes to be recorded. One is the seemingly inevitable attenuation of modern farce situations to make a "full-length" theater evening. Shorten it, say I, and leave me laughing. And then, at the risk of *lèse majesté* and profanation of the goddess herself, I must suggest that Miss Bacall occasionally tries a little too hard, pushes some nice lines beyond the limits of their tensile strength. With anyone less totally engaging, I am afraid they might snap under the strain.

In a theatrical cycle when even some of the finest and zaniest comedy, such as Murray Schisgal's *Luv*, has borrowed strains of darkness from the tag-ends of the Theater of the Absurd and the Theater of Cruelty, *Cactus Flower* is a refreshing oasis. There seems little doubt that it will continue to fill the Royale throughout the parching summer and far beyond.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE BLACKBOARD CAVALIER, by John Morressy (Doubleday, $4.50). When Ernie Quinn, hero-for-lack-of-a-more-precise-designation of John Morressy's wry *Blackboard Cavalier,* suspects that his first-year contract with Glen Park High will not be renewed, a helpful friend suggests he become a writer. I can't, says Ernie (an exquisitely troubled product of the *Catcher in the Rye, A Separate Peace* generation), I didn't go to prep school. Ernie's ambition (he has several in the various dream worlds he inhabits) is to be a book bum, to wander around Europe, picturesquely if not picaresquely, reading the hundreds of books he has always wanted to read, an ambition that sits uneasily on his always worried conscience because of the 150 books he has amassed for book-bumdom and never been tempted to crack. Ernie runs into the usual figures in novels of this kind: the administrative types who care nothing about education; the teachers who have been beaten by the system or have opted not to buck it; the pupils who couldn't care less. But they have never run into anything like Ernie Quinn, alias Agent C-21 of MINUTCON—Ernie's acronym for the Ministry of Utter Confusion—and neither have you. How Ernie manages to rout the Iron Maiden (Assistant Principal, Miss Grimes) and her cohorts is a glory to behold and a joy to read and you'll get none of the delectable details from me. Mr. Morressy can write, and he's genuinely funny. What more can you ask from a first—or a last—novel? P. L. BUCKLEY

FEMININE FOREVER, by Robert A. Wilson, M.D. (Evans, $5.95). Unluckily Dr. Wilson's book (and work) deals with the study and treatment of sex hormone deficiency in females, particularly in post-menopausal ones (or, lest the sarcasm be lost, in the mere field of keeping healthy, happy women from changing into sick, miserable sexually neuter wrecks with their Change of Life). Ideally Dr. Wilson should have found a way to prevent all the classical calamities that happen to women when hormone production of their ovaries shuts down (as he has), as a fall-out from, say, exotic space medicine: then his recommendations would have some chance for the rapid acceptance and implementation they deserve. As it is, there is now ranged against this pioneering medical scientist and practitioner, fortified as he is with impeccable credentials and overpoweringly suasive clinical evidence, the following hardy, infraconceptual neanderthalisms: 1) he is interfering with Nature (or God's plan for the race); 2) women's post-menopausal troubles are entirely imaginary (psychosomatic); 3) he is exposing women to physical and psychological hazards which far outweigh his putative remedies. One or the other of these opinions is clung to by hosts of women, by legions of general practitioners, clergymen, husbands and other involved but ignorant and/or complacent males. J. F. KILEY

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (JULY 12)

Marcus T[ullius] Cicero
DE REPUBLICA:

Since nothing ought to be so free from corruption in a state as the vote and the expression of opinion, I cannot understand why the man who corrupts them by the use of money deserves punishment, if the one who does so by eloquence is praised for it.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS

A. The Mahdi's successor (3 wds.)

B. The belief that the sun is the center of the solar system

C. A city in Wapello County, Iowa

D. A book of the Old Testament

E. A former British prime minister

F. Place associated with Robin Hood

G. An English author who visited U. S.

H. Too inflexible

I. A former mikado

J. A breed of sheep

K. An invisible emanation

L. An Italian architect

M. He made thirteen hits in a World Series

N. City near Stratford-on-Avon

WORDS

18 43 146 169 190 212 194 75 185 106 128

204 232 25 217 85 236

39 1 148 186 164 94 53 118 76 131 139

107 234 201 47 230

44 170 196 86 162 222 108

58 95 113 161 87 61 147 154

63 198 214 54 171 206

80 136 227 239 124 2 220 177 150 62

122 79 51 15 240 33 26

130 187 191 96 27 16 65 98 45

134 28 172 17 69 215 179 34 46

149 188 140 225 221 192 19 199 203

157 143 210 4 100 235 224 197 29

72 35 89 109 120 55 5 70

93 144 101 181 166 56 205 36 163 66

114 233 7 167 102 208 141

DEFINITIONS

O. An English novelist

P. Familiar name for a veterans' group

Q. Creator of a famous detective

R. Forming a constituent part

S. An English author

T. A mixture not fit for a duke

U. What the Hebrews used for good measure

V. Public Enemy No. One

W. A musical term (2 wds.)

X. What Robert Bruce and William Wallace were (2 wds.)

Y. Approximate calculations

Z. What does the little dog say?

a. Changelings

b. Units of resistance

c. German-born painter in England

WORDS

135 155 30 173 241 211 121 64

138 132 104 57 20 8

200 21 90 182 9 174 115 37 59 71

216 110 22 160 73 145 48 133 116

218 49 105 91 119 3 23 238 209

223 111 129 123

229 77 231 219 12

237 10 184 207 175 189 38 78 202

103 31 40 67 11

125 151 92 68 168 41 81 228 226 24 74

183 50 112

142 193 176 13 42 32 180 152 195

88 82 126 153 117 178

97 127 60 158

159 52 83 99

6 14 84 213 156 165 137

See page 740 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

						1 B	2 F	3 S		4 K	5 L	6 c	7 N	8 P		9 Q
10 V		11 W	12 U	13 Y	14 c	15 G		16 H	17 I	18 A	19 J		20 P	21 Q	22 R	23 S
24 X		25 A	26 G		27 H	28 I	29 K	30 O		31 W	32 Y	33 G	34 I	35 L	36 M	37 Q
38 V	39 B		40 W	41 X	42 Y	43 A	44 C		45 H	46 I	47 B		48 R	49 S	50 X	
51 G	52 b	53 B	54 E	55 L	56 M	57 P	58 D		59 Q	60 a		61 D	62 F	63 E	64 O	65 H
66 M	67 W	68 X	69 I	70 L	71 Q		72 L	73 R	74 X	75 A	76 B	77 U	78 V		79 G	80 F
	81 X	82 Z	83 b	84 c		85 A	86 C	87 D	88 Z	89 L	90 Q		91 S	92 X	93 M	94 B
95 D	96 H		97 a	98 H		99 b	100K	101M	102N		103W		104P	105S	106A	107B
108C	109L	110R	111T		112X	113D	114N	115Q	116R	117Z	118B	119S		120L	121O	122G
	123T	124F	125X		126Z	127a	128A	129T	130H	131B		132P	133R	134I		135O
136F	137c		138P		139B	140J	141N	142Y		143K	144M	145R	146A		147D	
148B	149J	150F	151X	152Y		153Z	154D	155O	156c	157K		158a	159b	160R	161D	
162C	163M	164B	165c		166M	167N	168X	169A	170C	171E		172I	173O	174Q	175V	176Y
177F		178Z	179I	180Y	181M		182Q	183X	184V	185A		186B	187H	188J	189V	
190A	191H	192J	193Y		194A	195Y	196C	197K	198E	199J		200Q	201B	202V	203J	204A
205M	206E		207V	208N	209S		210K	211O	212A	213c		214E	215I	216R		217A
218S	219U	220F	221J		222C	223T	224K	225J	226X		227F	228X	229U	230B		231U
232A	233N	234B		235K	236A	237V	238S	239F	240G	241 O						

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WEEK-END GUESTS

(Continued from p. 721)

and cocktail goodies is offensive to many grown-ups. Besides, it is unedifying for children to see grown-ups even under a slight influence of alcohol. If the children won't stay out of the way, hire a baby sitter, or send them to the movies or give them some treat of their own.

Leave enough time for those extra minutes outdoors to enjoy the sunset or take a walk, for the story that is being told or for an extra drink.

Snacks

People get hungry at odd times, and many hesitate to say so. Right at the beginning of the weekend, show them what provisions you have made for unforeseen appetites. Stack one shelf or more of your refrigerator with snacks. Label them clearly as such so that tomorrow's lunch or supper won't be eaten by mistake, which can be extremely inconvenient if you live miles from stores.

Drinks

Don't make a fetish out of the cocktail hour, but show your guests where they can get a drink with the fixings when they want it. Have the liquor, ice, soda etc. assembled in one place, and don't put out anything that you don't want to have drunk up. A drink, like a cigarette, is something that a soul wants when he wants it, and there is no reason why he should have to wait for a ritual time to get it. If you feel that your guests might abuse this liberty, don't invite them in the first place.

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 710)

of enormous importance. The letters in your June 14th issue and Mr. Molnar's comments on them suggest that many of your readers have not really come to grips with the subject.

Mr. Molnar's thesis can be much more thoroughly refined and developed than he seems to be aware of, for the parallel between the decline of the Roman and American Republics is even closer than he draws it. As I will show in a forthcoming book, *The Last Crossroads,* there have already been sixteen points or events common to both Graeco-Roman civilization and our own, and occurring in the same sequence in both. The seventeenth point in Roman history was the establishment of a total state—an unlimited autocracy—on the ruins of what had been the Roman Republic. From the time intervals between the previous common points, it is possible to predict the occurrence of the next one with a high degree of accuracy. The most probable date is 1973.

Of your two critical letter-writers, Mr. Rudgers is obviously the less informed; he appears to be wholly unaware of the nature of government in the Roman Republic, which was the most efficient system of checks and balances ever developed by a major state and, as explained in the works of Cicero, played a vital part in shaping a somewhat similar structure as originally set up by our own Constitution. Mr. Clein correctly points out that the military were more active in politics in Rome than in America, but it is well worthy of note that not so long ago we had a general as President for eight years who bore a remarkable resemblance to Rome's Pompey, while Augustus Caesar throughout his career was a politician and civil ruler who had little more military competence than any member of the Kennedy family. Despite the emphases of conventional history, not the fighting of wars but the exercise of civil power and the taxing authority was the primary activity of the Roman state. Unlimited government bred eventually a monstrous bureaucracy and pauperizing taxation which destroyed the economic foundations of Graeco-Roman civilization, and brought on the Dark Ages.

South Berwick, Me. WARREN H. CARROLL

Evelyn Waugh

I wish to thank you for word on Evelyn Waugh and for all the honors accorded him in *NR* [May 3]. We have lost one of immeasurable value. I shall never cease re-reading him. I will tell you that he and I were friends in a remote sort of way. We were thrown together twenty years ago at a party in Spain. It was the adventure that inspired *Scott-King's Modern Europe,* so that I had a remarkable opportunity to see, almost from the inside, how his imagination worked upon his material. The fact is that I was Scott-King with bits and pieces of Waugh himself and Douglas Woodruff, all worked over into fiction. There was a savage caricature of our official host in Spain, Señor de Luna, in that book. De Luna visited me at Fordham soon after *Scott-King* and I asked him how he felt about it. He said: "At first I am very insult, then I learn Mr. Wogg insult everybody in every country and I feel better, not so insult." Evelyn too came to visit me at Fordham and I gave a small party for him. He wanted to attend my lecture on that day, but I said never again. I could not forget his mocking smile as he watched and listened to me making a speech after laying a wreath on the statue of Francisco da Vittoria in a plaza in the town of Vittoria. I had about two minutes' notice that the speech must be given; I had a cold in the head, nothing to say, and felt a perfect ass. When I stepped down he said, "I say, your speech was eloquent and contained no false doctrine." Nor can I forget dining *à trois* one night, the talk drifting to the question why English and American conservatives know so little of each other. Waugh said that cooperation could easily be started: "Douglas and I are the only conservatives in England and you (i.e. me) are the only conservative in America." That was before the dawn of Bill Buckley and his merry men.

What a great artist EW was. I mourn him. How God must love him!

Rye, N.Y. ROSS HOFFMAN

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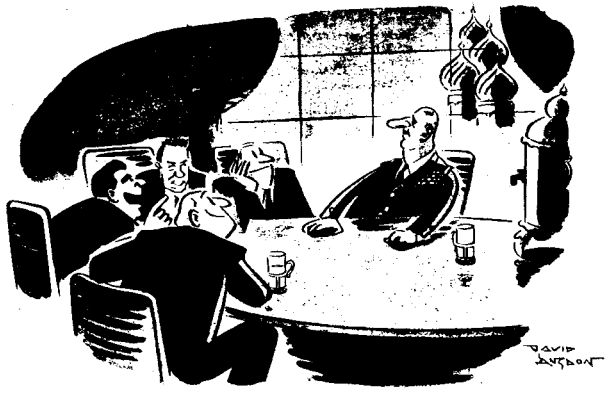
For The Record

Political backing and filling: Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. has come out for Bobby Kennedy for President "whenever he decides to run." More relevant: will FDR Jr.'s endorsement of Bobby induce Bobby to endorse Franklin in four-cornered race for New York Democratic gubernatorial nomination? . . . . Hubert Humphrey on the spot. His (original) candidate for Gov. of Minnesota, Karl Rolvaag, will try to win nomination in a primary despite Democratic-Farmer-Labor party endorsement of Lt. Gov. Keith. HHH, who would like to see Rolvaag get it, now forced by tradition of DFL (which he helped found) to support what amounts to Bobby Kennedy's man in Minnesota . . . . It's turnabout in California where public relations firm of Spencer-Roberts is handling Ronald Reagan's campaign and Baus & Ross, Pat Brown's. S-R ran Rockefeller's California primary campaign in 1964; B & R handled Barry Goldwater's . . . . Max Rafferty's re-election as California state superintendent of education (he got two-thirds of the total votes in field of four) opens possibility that conservative California Republicans will back him for Senate in '68 against Liberal Thomas Kuchel . . . . Being held against conservative Governor Tim Babcock of Montana, who is conceded good chance of defeating Liberal Democratic Senator Lee Metcalf in November: his proclamation last year, not of "United Nations Day" but of "United Nations Improvement Day" because the UN's failures "far exceed its limited successes."

World criticism of Soviet Union for imprisonment of writers Sinyavsky and Daniel has provoked angry rejoinder from Nobel Prize-winning novelist Mikhail Sholokov. He wrote Le Monde: "If it had depended on me, Sinyavsky and Daniel would have got sentences three times as hard [as they did—five and seven years]." . . . Shades of Eichmann: Gen. Ankrah, Ghana's new strongman, says they will kidnap Nkrumah if necessary, to bring him home to stand trial, but that they won't kill him. As punishment, says Ankrah, "we will take him around to see what he has done to his country." . . . . Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia, having found his Commonwealth partners cool to idea that they expel Great Britain (for under-achievement in the Rhodesian matter), now threatens to pull Zambia out.

Don't count your blessings till they hatch, but rumor hath it that if U Thant decides against running again for UN Secretary General, his chief American deputy, Ralph Bunche, will also quit . . . . Slated for job as Supreme Court law clerk is Michael E. Tigar, editor of



Punch Ben Roth Agency

"Tell us that bit again, General, where you simply order the Americans to go, and they go."

U. of Cal's Law Review. According to Tocsin, Tigar was delegate to 1962 Communist World Youth Festival; was honored as a "youth leader" by Communist People's World at its 1964 anniversary celebration . . . . One of the Public Relation Society's Silver Anvil awards (its Oscar) went to National Right to Work Committee for its job in defeating repeal of Sect. 14(b) of Taft-Hartley.

The Catholic priest Russians provided for General de Gaulle during his visit had to say Mass in only language they both could understand: Latin.

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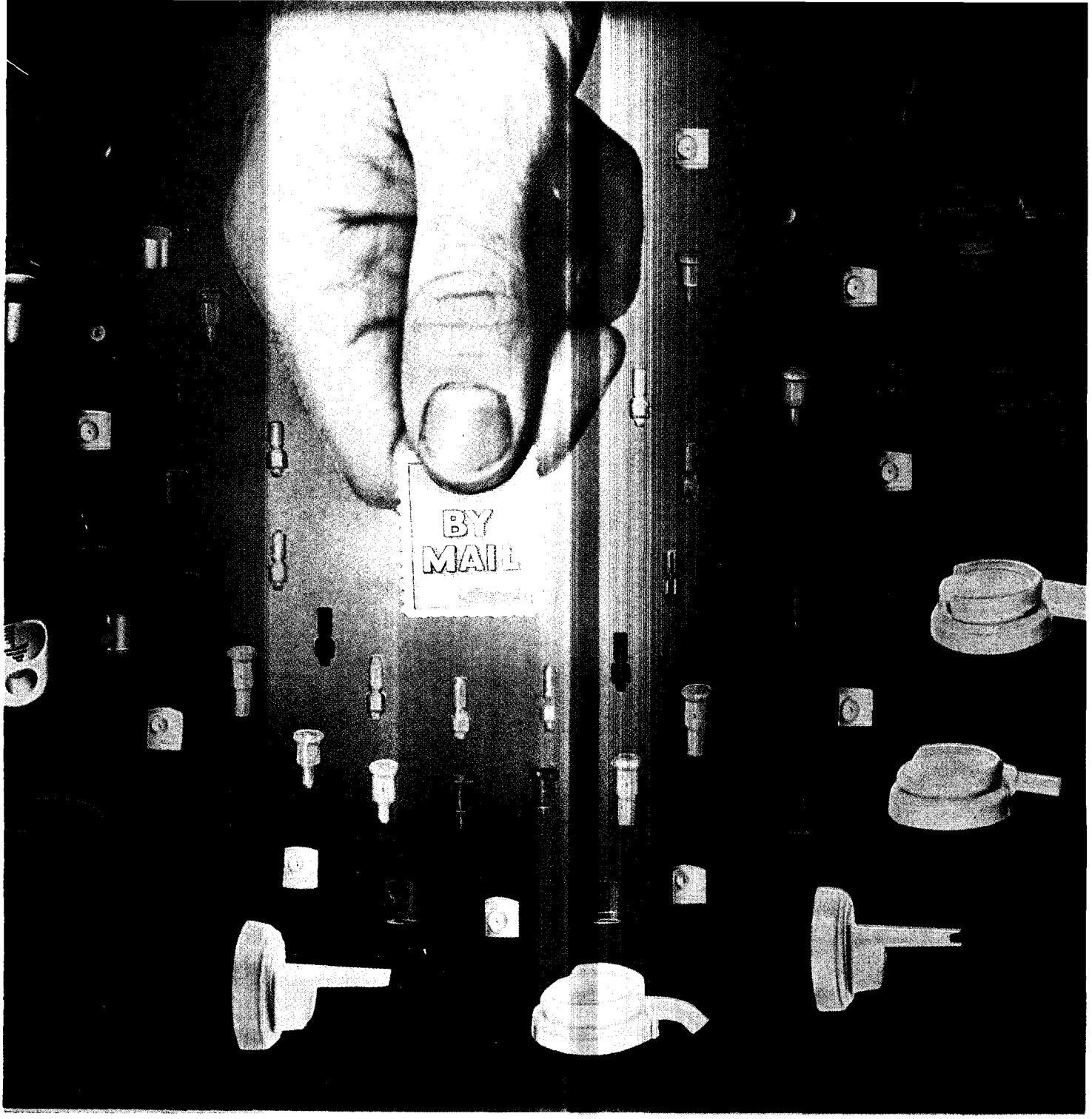

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